VOL. CCXIV, No. 2792

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THE SPHERE, AUGUST 15, 1953
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The SPHERE

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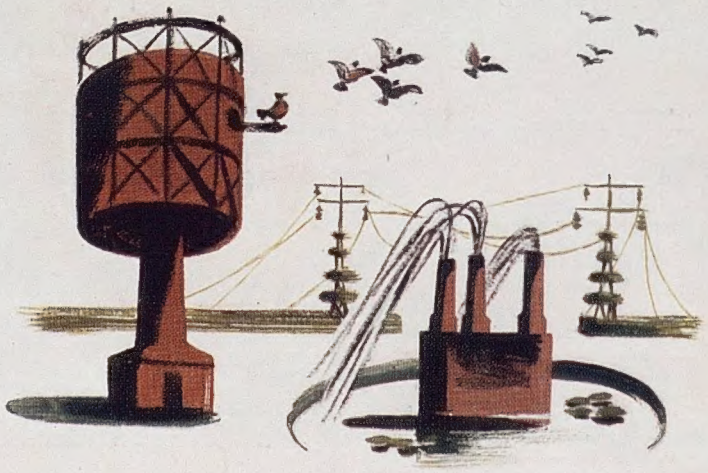
Schweppshire Shows the Way

6. GASWORKS REVIVAL

Once more, by a precise interpretation of the present, we anticipate the future. Nuclear heating has introduced a new fashion. In our cities, run without coal, gas or electricity, the atomic age has reduced power plants to the size of cigarette lighters. Our streets are deserts of cleanliness and glare. But Schweppshire provides its own antidote with the Return to Smoke. Factory styles are in fashion. Keynoting is the dovecote shaped like a gasometer, the yew hedge clipped to a pylon shape. Lord Schwepstow's magnificent summer-house is constructed in "Waterloo Station Grid". In the public park the rock plants are prettily disposed on the mock slag heap. Between borders of "Goodszyard" docks and "Bomsite" thistles, our damsels of fashion display their new grease-patterned overalls, with the new "Coledust" make-up to match. In this glimpse of a Fogschwepster Park, observe the pleasant perschweptive of smokestacks, with real smoke* from actual fires to veil the remorseless Fogschwepster sunlight from our eyes.

** The practice of representing smoke with plumes of gauze strikes a false note, as is rightly pointed out, in his essay,* Pseudo Gasworks, *by John Schwetjeman.*



Designed by Lewitt-Him, written by Stephen Potter

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

Volume CCXIV No. 2792 The SPHERE, London, August 15, 1953

The SPHERE

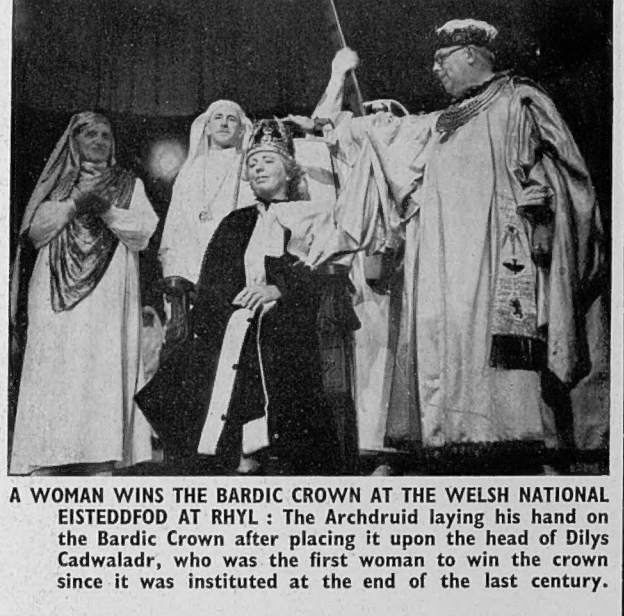
with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE FRENCH GENERAL STRIKE—THE DESERTED SCENE NEAR LES HALLES, IN PARIS, DURING THE WEEK-END : This part of Paris usually presents a scene of great activity, either crowds around the market stalls or hordes of cleaners clearing away the litter of the day's business. But the cleaners were on strike with most of the other French workers, and so the litter remained on the streets. This was one of the many discomforts borne by French citizens during the strike.

The twenty-four-hour General Strike called for by the Force Ouvrière, a non-Communist union of French public workers, was unique in that it came during the holiday season—a season traditionally free from strikes since 1936, when holidays with pay were introduced. Transport, gas and electricity supplies over most of France were affected by the strike, which was held in protest against the Government's intention to institute reforms in the public services. These reforms had not been officially announced when the strike was held, but one clause was believed to envisage the raising of the retiring age. The strike affected people in this country as well as those in France. Many thousands of tourists who were in France when the demonstrations started found that they were unable to get back to England, as railway workers were on strike, and travellers who wished to go to France from this country for the week-end found that they were unable to do so. To cope with the rush of travellers when the strike ended, the ports of Dover and Folkestone worked non-stop for two days. Further pictures of the strike appear on page 253.

Postage—Inland, 2d. ; Canada, 1½d. ; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

THE WELSH NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD

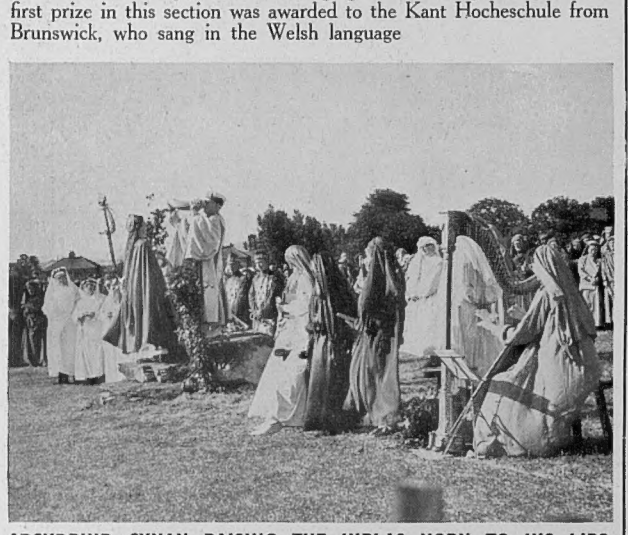


A WOMAN WINS THE BARDIC CROWN AT THE WELSH NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD AT RHYL : The Archdruid laying his hand on the Bardic Crown after placing it upon the head of Dilys Cadwaladr, who was the first woman to win the crown since it was instituted at the end of the last century.

The year 1953 was notable for the achievements of women entrants at the Welsh National Eisteddfod at Rhyl. The most notable was that of Dilys Cadwaladr, the winner of the Bardic Crown. On Chairing Day, the most popular day of the Eisteddfod, there was another pleasant surprise when it was discovered that Lady Megan Lloyd George was president—a rare distinction for a woman. The premier award of the Eisteddfod, the Bardic Chair, was won by a man, however—the Rev. E. Llwyd Williams, aged forty-six, a Baptist Minister from Ammanford, South Wales.

There was a slight hitch on the opening day of the Eisteddfod, when the festival authorities overruled the decision of two of the judges in the music section who had said that none of the competitors in the preliminary to the solo competition for girls under fourteen was worthy to go forward into the final. This would have disrupted the carefully-timed programme for the rest of the Eisteddfod.

A feature this year was the singing of the foreign choirs. The first prize in this section was awarded to the Kant Hocheschule from Brunswick, who sang in the Welsh language



ARCHDRUID CYNAN RAISING THE HIRLAS HORN TO HIS LIPS DURING THE GORSEDD CEREMONY AT THE EISTEDDFOD : During the Eisteddfod it was announced that the Archdruid next year would be the Rev. J. Dyfnallt Owen, who won the Bardic Crown at the Eisteddfod in 1907.

THE BARDIC PROCESSION MAKING ITS WAY TO THE GORSEDD CIRCLE : The National Eisteddfod this year took on an international aspect, as there were choirs from Germany, Poland and Silesia, singing in the competitions.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE."

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for 12 months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are £5 16s. 6d.; 6 months and Christmas Number, £3; 6 months without Christmas Number, £2 16s. 6d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are £5 14s., £2 19s. and £2 15s.; and for elsewhere Overseas £5 18s. 6d., £3 1s. 3d. and £2 17s. 6d. The terms are inclusive of postage.*

A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

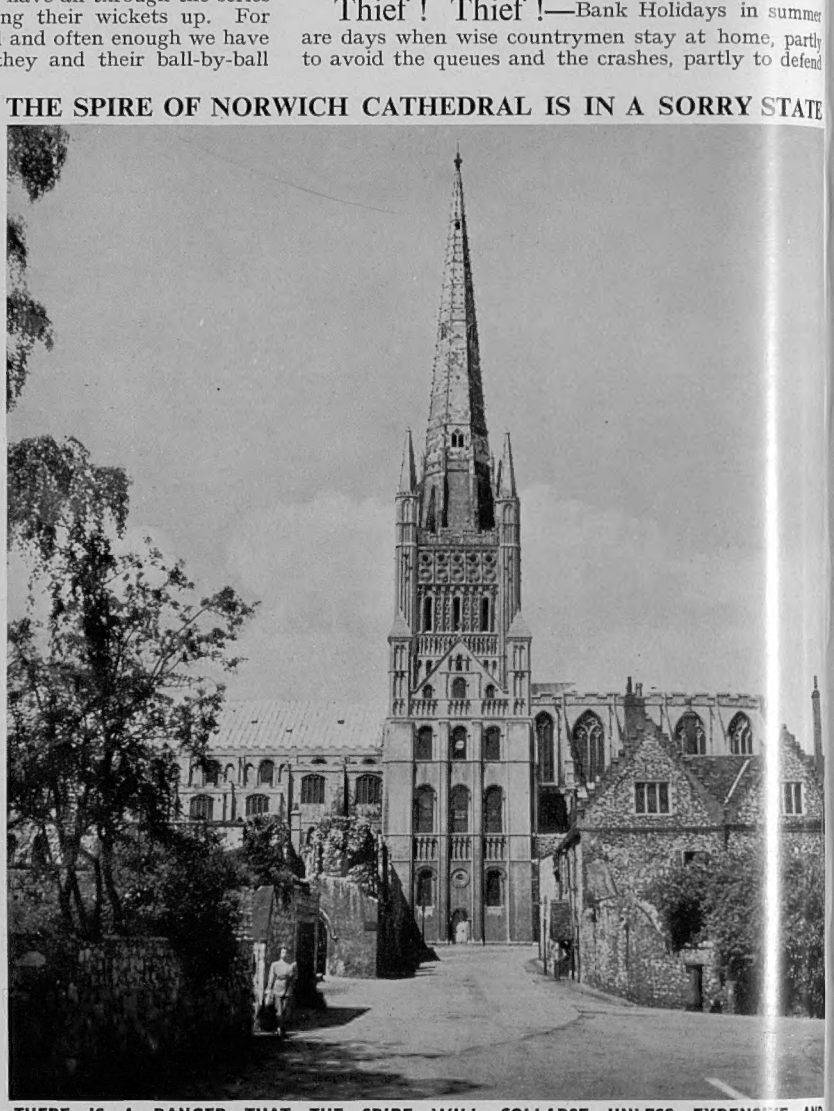
Holiday Hopes.—The Bank Holiday week-end was as pleasant as the Whitsuntide. The great trek was under way before Goodwood ended, and the returning racegoers met head-on the outward-bound bathers on our Sussex roads and lanes. We are used to it and take what evasive action we can. Unfortunately, the big buses have discovered our 10-ft.-wide sunken byways and treat them as speed-tracks. Those of us who survive the Sussex fortnight hang on only for the village flower-show on Bank Holiday and then shut up shop and take the road ourselves. What hopes? Shall we find the sun, anyway? Or should we pack only waterproofs and goloshes? Always an optimist (?), I shall rely on poetic justice and the law of averages. Coronation summer must surely relent this side of Michaelmas. I expect to be chilly, but rely on finding a place in the sun (and out of the wind) and I shan't prepare for non-stop rain. Not so the cricketers at the Oval. They clearly anticipate that more inches of rain than wickets will fall on any given day of their eternal final match. Our batsmen have all through the series practised the art of keeping their wickets up. For them, runs haven't counted and often enough we have admired their grit. But they and their ball-by-ball commentators are surely killing the thing they love, and with six days before them they are likely to regard cricket as timeless and their own wicket as far more important than the scoring of runs, their own subject as far more important than international politics. In the circumstances I shall not find a place in my heavily-loaded car for the B.B.C.'s buzz-box. I shall take a holiday respite from Insanity Fair and all its elaborate circuses and side shows. And, for one reason and other, the minor events in the International field can be left to tick-over with reasonable hope that for a few weeks they will receive no spanners into their works nor roar their engines. We have bought a lot of coal from abroad to enable our miners to enjoy their holidays with us. Why shouldn't they?

Public Assistance.—It is right that the lucky should help the unlucky, that those in work should help those who have lost their jobs through no fault of their own, and that all who can should succour the old, the sick and the genuine hard cases. And pity it is that these principles were so long neglected. But the cost to the taxpayer is heavy and grows heavier and will be intolerable if "full employment" is not maintained. The public assistance, supplementing statutory pensions and insurances, now runs at £100,000,000 a year, and continues to rise, and in a year nearly 2,500,000 people proved their need for it. If pensions were higher, if insurance produced reliefs more nearly approaching a bare belly-ful, this supplement of public assistance would tot up to a less fearful figure. What is worrying many a taxpayer is not the *need* of the recipients but whether the need could not be met by the industry of many thousands of those who receive it. We meet scores of instances of its application to cases of Weary Willies who dislike work, refuse work they could do and never look for work. We know there are many who week after week get drunk on the taxpayer and are State-aided patrons of the "local." Employment is fairly satisfactory to-day. Before a recession comes is the time to look into this question of public assistance, and it may be that the key to eliminating the Weary Willies lies in a further examination of the efficacy of the older statutory reliefs in the economic conditions of the day.

Gun-Running Again?—Is it to be believed that the "mournful feud" of Irish partition, with all its bitter memories of secret drilling and gun-running, is once more seething underground? Are the lesson of Korea, let alone of 1910–1920, and all the lessons that lie between, of no avail at all to deter hotheads from the ultimate folly, and must the unhappy race of men for ever be at the mercy of small minorities and nationalist imbecility? The police in England believe that they have discovered, and perhaps checked, such a gang of Irish Nationalists working from England and on both sides of the Ulster borders drilling and smuggling arms with the object of hastening the tardy progress of unification by constitutional means. No doubt, unification of a homogeneous nation is a worthy ideal and no doubt progress by constitutional means to that end can never be rapid where the parties to be unified are neither agreed nor in any sphere homogeneous. Unification by constitutional means may be merely a phrase, its accomplishment no nearer than the Greek Kalends. But will bloodshed on the Border hasten it? What need have any of us of further witness? Such action can only perpetuate ruin, misery, hatred and partition, One may sympathise with Mr. de Valera in making a saint of Roger Casement. One cannot believe he will not do all in his power to curb the activities of a nationalistic minority preparing to bring further ruin on his beloved country.

Thief! Thief!—Bank Holidays in summer are days when wise countrymen stay at home, partly to avoid the queues and the crashes, partly to defend their property against the new criminal class. It is the class that drives a modern car and employs a new picnic basket when it penetrates into private property for *al fresco* meals and for what it can pick up. On Bank Holiday I found such a party picnicing in my woods, two men, two "ladies" and a small boy. I told them they were welcome to stay if they would leave behind no litter and no burning cigarette-ends. One of the men replied: "I am a forester myself and would not think of such a thing." Returning from my walk, the men were still there, the "ladies" had wandered away. I found them in my garden, engaged in pulling up by the roots my rare and valuable azaleas, and caught them in the act with specimens in their hands, in full leaf with their roots severed. I told them, among other things, that they were thieves and, worse, were teaching their children to steal, and I told them what I thought of the new social order to which they belonged, who used their smart cars for their dingy profession and perhaps bought them on the proceeds of their successful marauds. Their excuse was that they mistook my garden for

THE SPIRE OF NORWICH CATHEDRAL IS IN A SORRY STATE



THERE IS A DANGER THAT THE SPIRE WILL COLLAPSE UNLESS EXPENSIVE AND EXTENSIVE RESTORATION WORK IS CARRIED OUT WITHIN THE NEAR FUTURE: The Dean of Norwich has been told by the surveyors that the work on the spire will cost more than £60,000. He has also been urged to spend £12,000 on it immediately to prevent it from crumbling to a state of collapse. The figure of £60,000 is double the amount asked for in the Cathedral appeal launched two years ago. A complete structural survey of the roof has also been made and this, too, is in a bad state. The foundation-stone of Norwich Cathedral was laid in 1096 and the building of the Norman fabric took about forty years. Although much rebuilding has taken place since the eleventh century, the Cathedral retains the appearance and characteristics of a great Anglo-Norman abbey church. It is a cruciform structure, consisting of an apsidal choir of four bays and a central tower rising to a height of 315 ft. There is also a long, impressive nave, extending through fourteen bays.

common land. "There are thousands of acres of commons round here where we are free to take what we like," said the elder female criminal. The younger looked too ashamed of herself to echo this specious excuse. They belong to the higher-income group in our new social order. Of them and of it we have little reason to be proud.

Road *v.* Rail.—For many years I have found it an economy to go to Scotland by road. Economy, of course, has not been the only reason for taking the road. I have needed my car in Scotland, and since the war the cost of rail-freight for a car has been astronomical. Now I am not very sure of the economic advantage of road over rail. The single fare to Inverness from my home is £4 10s. 5d.; 600 road-miles to Inverness uses up about 25 gallons of petrol and oil, rather more than the rail fare in £ s. d. Two nights on the road, if not spent in the houses of friends (such a lodging can be more tiring than in an hotel), cost three times as much as the taxi and meal costs of a night journey by rail. For one person, it certainly does not pay any longer to go by road apart from the waste of time. The present cost of petrol has knocked that form of road transport for six. I do not know whether the cost of petrol is fixed to help the struggling oil kings or to give a fillip to British Railways or solely to cope with the dollar trouble, but I am inclined to doubt whether it even pays a couple to use A 1 instead of B.R. It is certainly safer and more comfortable to go by rail, especially if you can secure the new first-class sleeper at third-class rates. Unfortunately, cars can't drive themselves up. No doubt the robot driver is due shortly for release by the scientists. Then I shall become again a patron of B.R. I recall that I haven't been in a train for two years.

Interplanetary Flight.—At Zürich last week, 200 scientist delegates met to discuss the logistics of interplanetary or space flights. Communications with the Moon and with Mars have long been unsatisfactory, and something must be done to improve them, so that peace, brotherhood and understanding can be as satisfactorily ensured with the planets as they have been ensured with the remotest nations on our own little world by supersonic speeds. But before the first pioneer launches from earth to reach Mars, experiments must be made with pilotless craft. The first thousand miles will be the hardest problem to solve. After crossing that territorial margin, it is confidently expected that the "vehicle" will push on on a fixed orbit indefinitely until it makes landfall on Mars' chief airport. Presumably it will carry a message of goodwill in Martian, with a request for a quick turn-round, bringing back an acknowledgment and a Martian dictionary and a bunch of Martian grapes. But the scientists at Zurich were more concerned with the next phase, the flight of the "inhabited vehicle." Can the pioneer-pilot confidently depend on our best available fuel—highest octane? Many believe it will do, but Dr. Leslie Shepherd, Ministry of Supply, doubts. He thinks we must use an atomic rocket motor. Possibly it will be driven by light into which the energy of the hydrogen bomb will be transformed. He may be right. Light should prove a cheap form of fuel in due course.

Privy Councils in Private Houses.—Instances of Privy Councils held in private houses were sought after the Goodwood Council. There might well have been a Privy Council held in a Highland private house. During 1921, King George V was shooting with his friend the Mackintosh at Moy. The Irish difficulties were then at a crisis and the Premier, with Sir E. Grigg, came to Moy for vital discussions with the King. It was at the King's suggestion that Grigg altered a proposed blunt draft on lines more conciliatory, though still firm. This amended draft was considered at a Cabinet meeting held the same day in Inverness—a unique occasion—and the King's amendments were approved. This instance is not exactly in point, but I was surprised that no student of history contributed it to the collection as a near miss.

Girls from Paignton.—Six young girls from Paignton went off cheerfully to Cyprus to fulfil a six-months contract to perform in a cabaret at Nicosia. They were sacked by the management after three weeks as unsatisfactory. An unwritten article in their contract ordained that after the legitimate performance they were expected to "entertain male guests and induce them to drink generously. . . ." In other words. . . . Now, these girls are stranded in Cyprus. Perhaps Paignton parents should study the ways of life in the Near East a little more closely before parting with their young daughters on ventures of this sort. My authority for this remarkable example of "the way we live now" was *The Times* foreign news page. I would not accept it from every source of news.

THE OLD STAGER.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

A NEW SALVAGE SHIP

THE T.S.S. "VIGILANT"

Thornycroft's Latest Vessel, Built for the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board

With Drawings by DERRICK SMOOTHY

THIS IS THE DESIGN FOR THE GREAT SEAL OF ELIZABETH II

THE REVERSE SIDE OF THE GREAT SEAL OF THE REALM OF QUEEN ELIZABETH II AND (BELOW) THE OBVERSE SIDE OF THE SEAL: The Seal was designed by Mr. Gilbert Ledward, R.A., and engraved in silver at the Royal Mint. It weighs 135 oz., and measures 6 ins. across the diameter. The Wafer Seal, an exact copy of the Great Seal, but only 3 ins. in diameter, has also been engraved. The device for the obverse side is a portrait of the Queen on horseback wearing the uniform of the Grenadier Guards. Below the horse is the Crowned Cypher. The legend is the Latin form of the full Royal title: "Elizabeth II by the Grace of God of Great Britain and Northern Ireland Queen, Head of the Commonwealth, Defender of the Faith." The reverse side shows the Queen throned and robed holding the Sceptre and the Orb. Below the footstool is the legend "Dieu et mon Droit." The Seal has been approved by the Queen and handed to the Lord Chancellor, Lord Simonds, who is the Keeper of the Seal. The office of the Lord Chancellor has been closely associated with the Great Seal since ancient times, and it is traditional that on the death of one sovereign the old seal is used until the new monarch orders another. Then the old seal is defaced and presented to the Lord Chancellor.

THE QUEEN ARRIVING AT EUSTON STATION ON HER WAY TO BALMORAL AND A WELL-DESERVED HOLIDAY: With her in the car are Prince Charles and Princess Anne. The Queen, who was wearing a coat of slate blue with a small, close-fitting matching hat, was cheered by many holiday-makers when she arrived on the platform. Then, at the insistence of Prince Charles, the Royal Family walked the length of the platform to see the engine which would pull the train to Scotland.

THE ROYAL HOLIDAY IN SCOTLAND

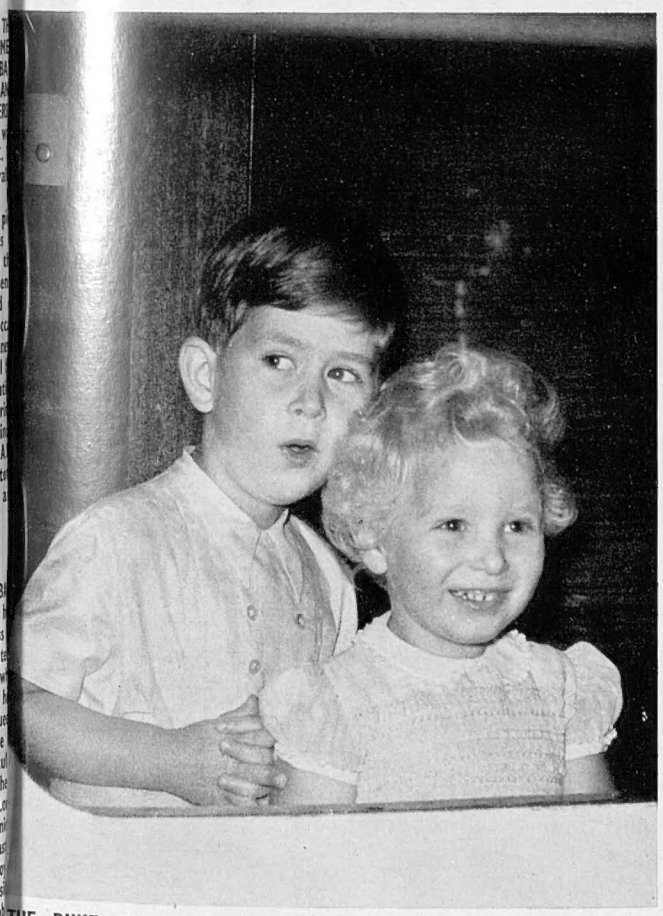
The Queen, with the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne, Arrives at Balmoral Castle

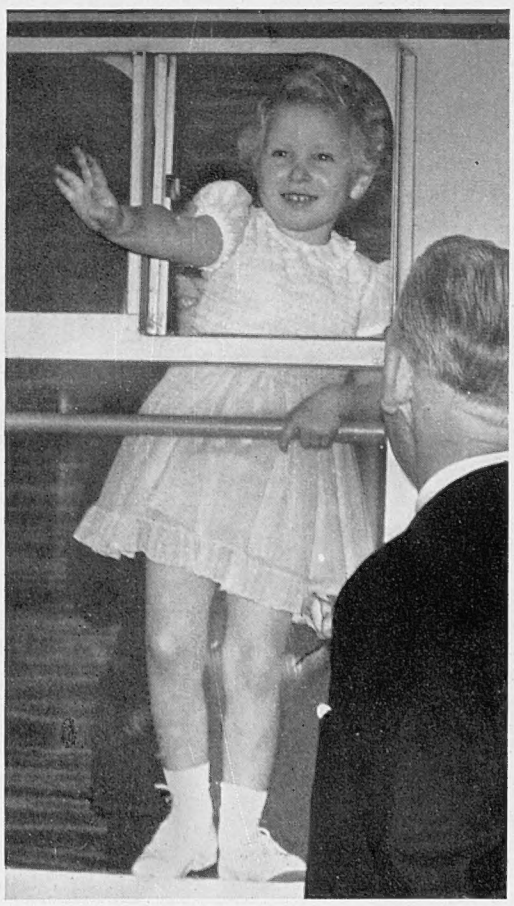
Above—

THE QUEEN INSPECTING T GUARD OF HONOUR FORM BY MEN OF THE 1ST BA TALION THE ARGYLL A SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDER The guard of honour w commanded by Major C. Anderson, who is seen wa ing beside the Queen. the background of this p ture, on the right, is Royal cipher from which t "II" is notably absen The men of the guard honour who, on this occ sion, were wearing their re ceremonial uniform, will responsible for guard duc at Balmoral Castle durr the Queen's stay. Prin Philip, who flew in an R.A aircraft from Southampto and Princess Margaret a also at Balmoral.

On left—

THE QUEEN ARRIVING AT BA LATER STATION: Beside h is standing the Marquess Aberdeen, the Lord-Lieute ant of Aberdeenshire, w welcomed the Queen on h arrival. In front of Que Elizabeth, Princess Anne peering, somewhat specul tively, at the photographe While speaking with Lo Aberdeen, the Queen deni rumours that Balmoral Cas might cease to be a Ro residence, because increas tourist trade had robb it of some of the priva that it formerly enjoy

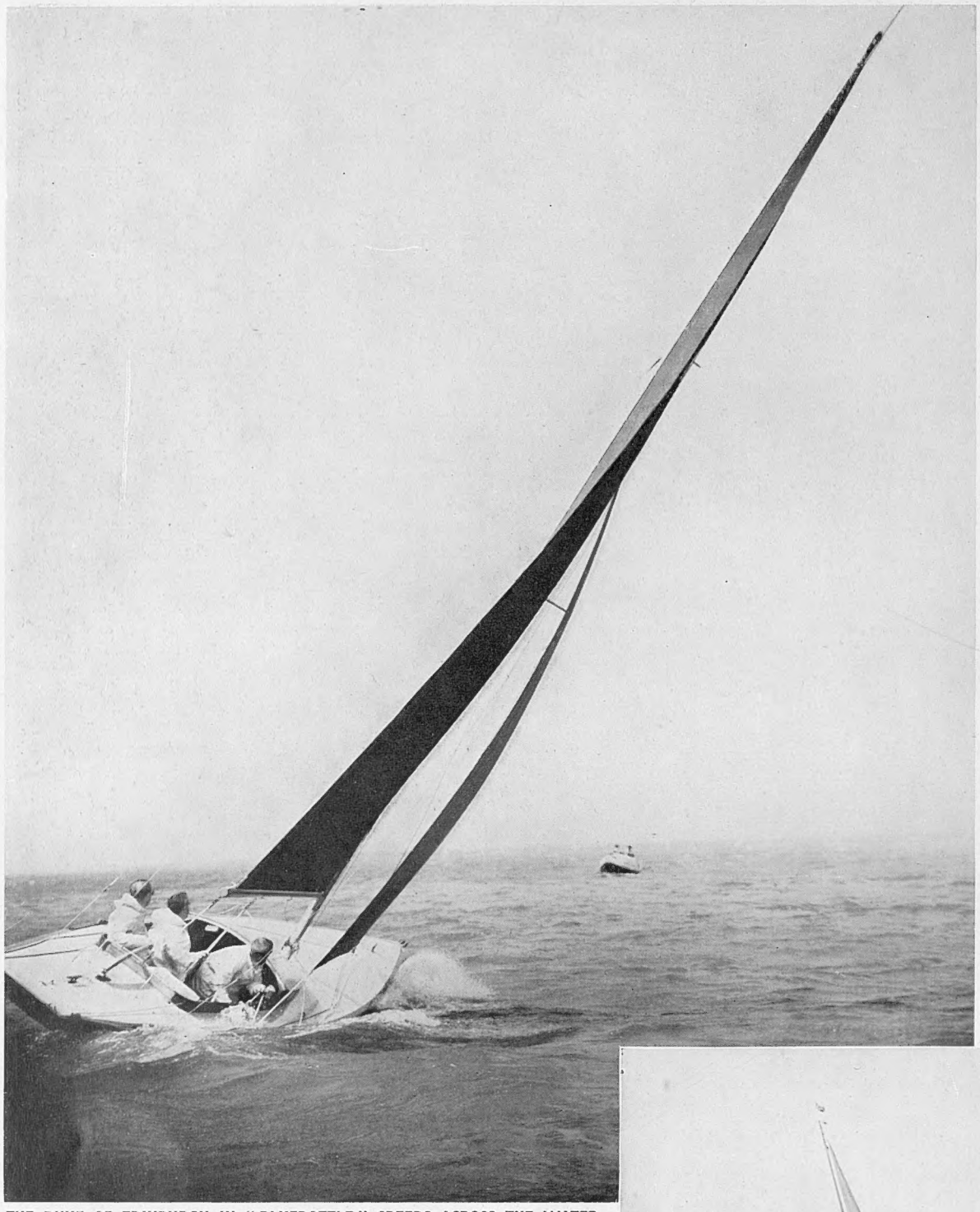




THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE ARRIVING IN SCOTLAND: *On left*—Prince Charles spots something amusing on the platform and tells his sister. *Centre*—Princess Anne waving to the crowd on Aberdeen Station. To-day (Saturday) is Princess Anne's third birthday. *Right*—Prince Charles leaving the platform at Ballater Station. The annual holiday in Scotland is eagerly looked forward to by the Royal children, who have a great liking for the North, as have all the Royal Family.

THE DUKE AT COWES REGATTA

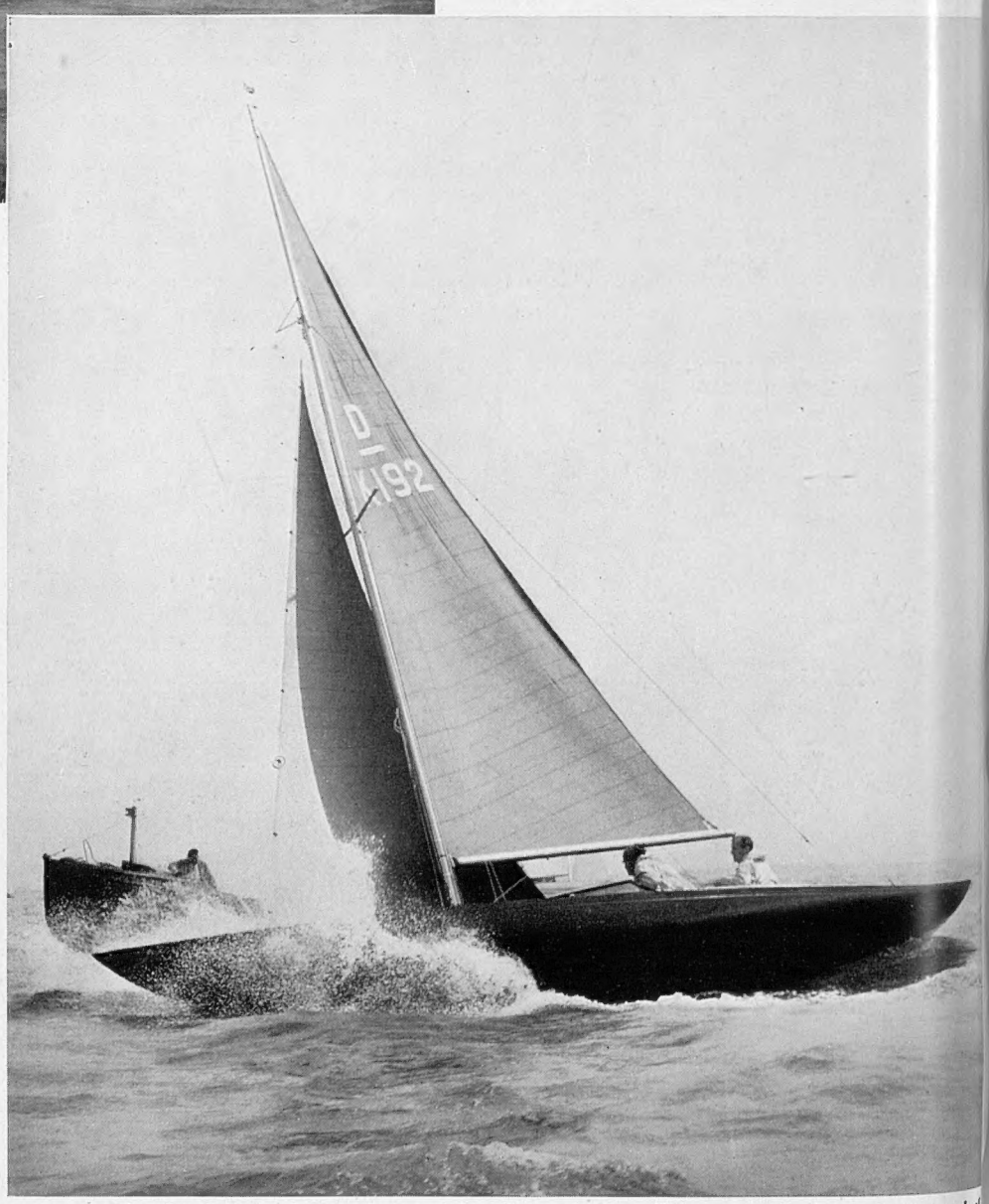
PRINCE PHILIP TAKES PART IN THE YACHTING RACES OFF THE ISLE OF WIGHT AND SUFFERS A MISHAP ON THE SECOND DAY



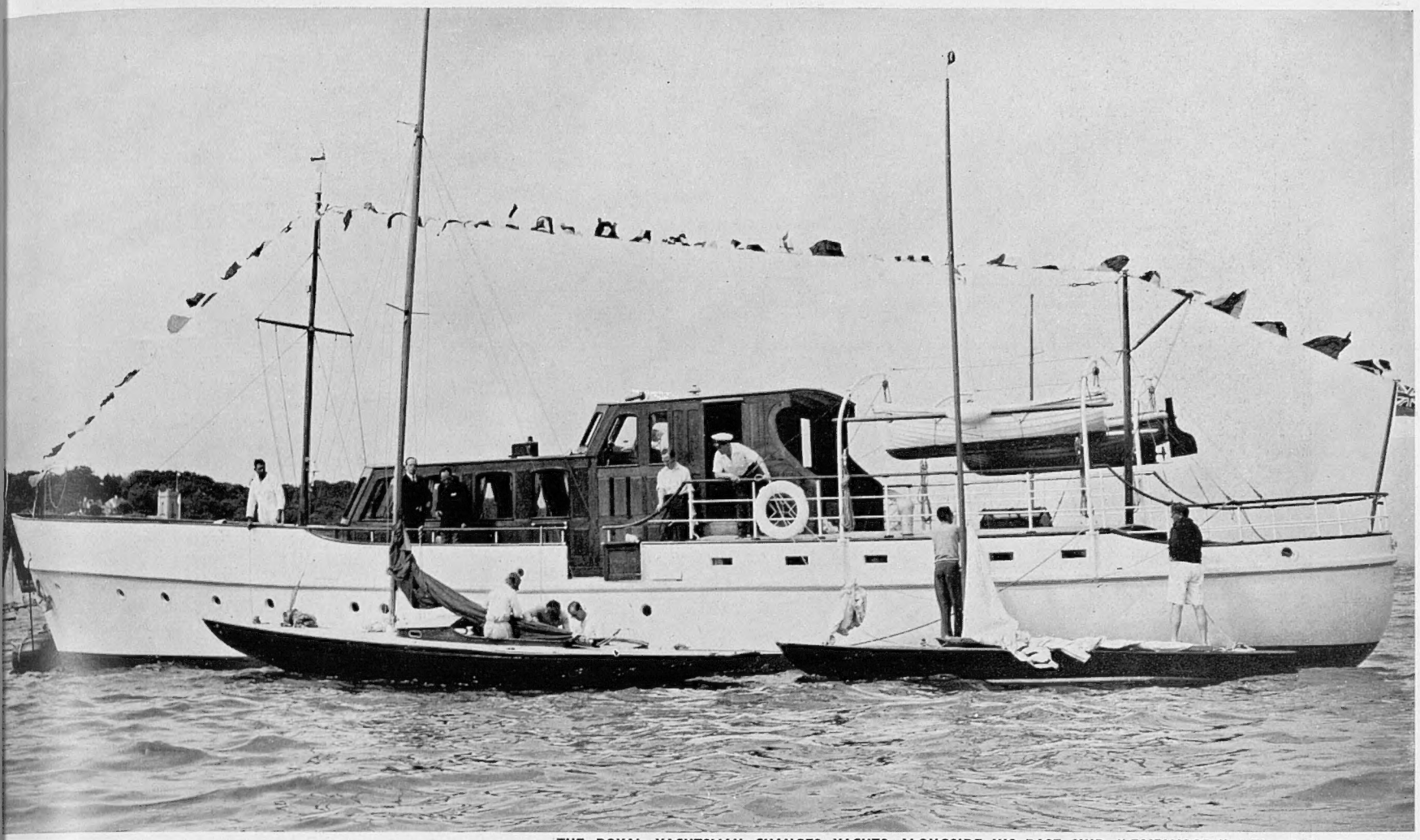
THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN "BLUEBOTTLE" SPEEDS ACROSS THE WATER DURING A DRAGON-CLASS RACE AT COWES: With him in the yacht are Uffa Fox and Lieut.-Commander R. L. Hewitt.

On the second day of Cowes Week, the Duke of Edinburgh shook off a minor misfortune in his Dragon-class yacht *Bluebottle* and later went on to gain a place in his yacht *Coweslip* in the Flying Fifteen event in the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta. He had been in collision with a motor-launch ten minutes after the start of the Dragon-class race and was forced to put back to his base ship, the cabin cruiser *Fairwood*, for repairs to *Bluebottle*. It was then that he decided to change yachts and wait for the race for the Flying Fifteens. Sailing with the Duke during the week were Uffa Fox, the yacht designer, and Lieut.-Commander R. L. Hewitt, and although they did not gain a victory in any of the major races the Duke and his crew, at times handicapped by cruising launches, sailed into second and third places in the Flying Fifteen and Dragon-class events. During the evenings the Duke was present at many parties, on the Wednesday being the principal guest at the Cowes Week dinner of the Royal Yacht Squadron. On several occasions it was a case of dashing from yacht to yacht in order to keep up with the spate of parties.

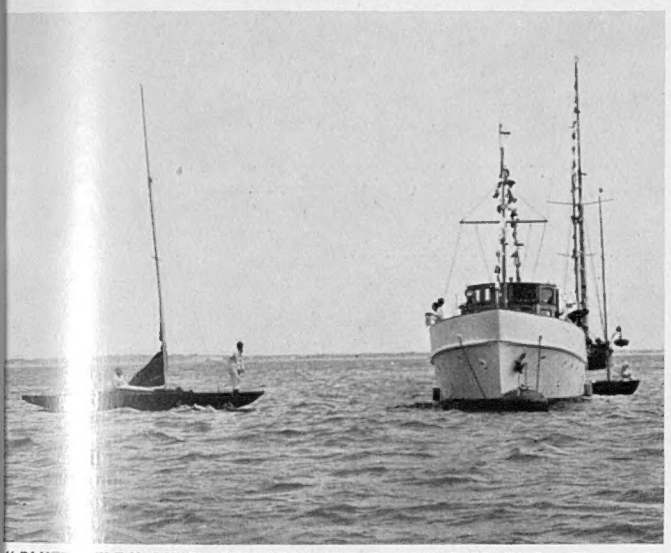
AT THE HELM OF "BLUEBOTTLE": The Duke of Edinburgh seen in the Dragon-class yacht owned jointly by the Queen and himself on the second day of Cowes Week. His Royal Highness is Admiral of the Royal Yacht Squadron and in the early part of Cowes Week a 15-gun salute was fired in his honour.



"BLUEBOTTLE" AT COWES: *Left*—The Duke and Uffa Fox resting during a respite in the day's racing, and, *on right*, the yacht travelling at speed. Towards the end of the week, in the Dragon-class event on the day of the N.Y.Y.C. Challenge Cup, the Duke sailed *Bluebottle* to third place—a position he also gained on the previous day following repairs to the yacht. *Bluebottle* was presented to the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh as a wedding present from the Island Sailing Club.



THE ROYAL YACHTSMAN CHANGES YACHTS ALONGSIDE HIS BASE SHIP "FAIRWOOD": The Duke is seen in his yacht *Bluebottle* (left) after he had been forced to retire from the Dragon event because the yacht's forestay had been carried away in a collision with a launch. Also alongside is *Coweslip*. At the start of the Dragon race the Duke was hemmed in by pleasure-launches.



"BLUEBOTTLE" LIMPS TOWARDS THE DUKE'S BASE SHIP: The yacht is seen under reduced sail, with the jib down and the forestay carried away. *Bluebottle* had been racing for ten minutes.

A CONFERENCE OF THREE ON BOARD THE ROYAL YACHT: The Duke, with his back to the camera, discusses the position with his crew after the accident. Shortly after this the yacht made her way to the *Fairwood* and the crew transferred to the *Coweslip*.

A FINE "GESTURE": The yacht *Gesture*, owned by Mr. Howard Fuller, of the U.S.A., makes a graceful picture as she competes in the race for yachts of approximately 25 tons (T.M.) or over and of 36-ft. Royal Ocean Racing Club rating and over, for the Viscount Marchwood Challenge Cup. Towards the end of the week the Duke attended a party, held on three American yachts, *Corina*, *Gesture* and *Loki*, which had been lashed together for the occasion.

THE RACING DUKE AT COWES: The Duke of Edinburgh seen at the helm of the Dragon-class yacht *Bluebottle* during the racing at Cowes. With him in the yacht is Uffa Fox (centre), who, in the following article, contributes a report about the week's races.

COWES: A BRILLIANT WEEK OF RACING

Although the Week was a Gentle Rather than a Boisterous One, All Classes Enjoyed Good Sailing Conditions

By UFFA FOX

COWES WEEK, the most important week in the year for yachtsmen, was held in the finest of weather. Generally hard south-west winds and flurries of rain are experienced in Cowes Week, but this year the south-west monsoon was brought on early by the Test matches and so the spell of hard south-west wind and rain was over, and Cowes enjoyed sunshine throughout the week.

Another important factor which added to the delight of the week for everyone was the presence in the racing fleet of Prince Philip, for he is a most capable helmsman in hard or light weather, and though he has only time to enjoy sailing once a year, his skill is such that he was in the first three every day excepting one. This he did in spite of the fact that he was racing against first-rate helmsmen and crews who have been handling and practising in their boats throughout the summer.

Prince Philip was living aboard the 78-ft. Harbour Defence Motor Launch *Fairwood*, owned by Sam Jeffery, of Wales, who is noted for his wonderful tenor voice.

Eight of the leading yacht clubs of Britain arranged the regattas throughout the week, which started on Saturday, August 1, under the Burgee of the Royal Southampton Yacht Club, which used the Squadron line for the larger classes and the Island line for the smaller. The first day came in with a white calm and the Committee wisely postponed the regatta half an hour until a moderate southerly had filled in and the 250 yachts participating in the racing enjoyed a lovely day's sail.

Always in the past there have never been races on the Sundays at each end of Cowes Week, but this time the Royal Thames Yacht Club, second only in prestige to the Royal Yacht Squadron, decided to join Cowes Week and gave the races from the Royal London Yacht Club line on August 2. The arrival of the Royal Thames to Cowes is welcomed by all, as their presence added lustre to the regatta. By starting the races with a fog-horn instead of a gun, because it was Sunday, they gladdened the hearts of all residents around; also the races had been timed to start well after the church morning service and to finish before the evening services. This was another day of gentle, quiet winds.

On Monday the Royal London Yacht Club gave its regatta, using the Royal Yacht Squadron line, and the wind was so light that the classes had to kedge (a small anchor) on the line before the start. Then, being ordered to the east, they hauled up their kedges and were swept on their way by the tide. Most of the classes were stopped at the end of the first round, due to the lightness of the wind.

Tuesday, the day of the Britannia Cup, the races were split in two, the R.Y.S. taking the large classes over their line and the Royal London taking the smaller classes over their own line. The day came in with a strong south-west wind, strong enough to make many boats reef, and every yacht was bustling along at her maximum speed to the delight of those on board and on the shore.

The Britannia Cup race, which took the cruisers round the Island, was won by the American yawl, *Karina*, owned by Richard S. Nye, repeating the performance of the schooner yacht *America*, which won the cup for the R.Y.S. race round the Island in 1851. In that year Britain held the Great Exhibition in London, and at that time, as the Americans tended to be a backward race of farmers, they had nothing to put in the Exhibition, so decided to send the schooner *America* over to keep their flag flying. It was a wise decision, as we still talk of the *America*, although the Exhibition and the reason for her visit tend to be forgotten.

On the same day I was fortunate in being one of Prince Philip's crew aboard the Queen's and his Dragon *Bluebottle*. We had just settled down and were sailing her hard on the wind off Egypt Point when a heavy squall carried away the forestay fitting aloft. This is an emergency when seamanship is revealed, for in such a position 99 out of 100 luff head to wind, bringing the mast down on deck, an action which is capable of killing those on board. On this occasion Prince Philip immediately bore away before the wind so that the pressure of the mainsail and wind was pushing the mast forward. His action undoubtedly saved the mast and we were able to set up the spinnaker halyard as a forestay. Then, lowering the mainsail, we ran back to the *Fairwood*. Here we prepared the *Coweslip* and the Duke steered her in the Flying Fifteen race. This was a really hard thrash to windward against a strong flood tide, and though he had not been in the boat for a year, he sailed her so hard and well that he came in second.

Wednesday was another Squadron day. This was a day with a moderate westerly wind and all classes enjoyed a sparkling day's sailing. *Bluebottle* had been repaired and Prince Philip sailed her in to third place, in spite of the fact that we, the members of the crew, took down the spinnaker for the reach from South Bramble to Ryde West Middle Buoy, losing him a distance of 100 yards by so doing.

On Thursday there was a moderate westerly wind and the R.Y.S. gave races for the larger vessels, and the Island Sailing Club for the smaller.

The most important race of the day was for the large cruisers, this being the race for the New York Yacht Club Challenge Cup. The trophy was won by the American cutter *Gesture*, owned by A. Howard Fuller. The two most important trophies of the week, the Britannia Cup and the New York Yacht Club Challenge Cup, were both won by American yachts, and they undoubtedly deserved their wins, as all their spars and sails were trimmed and set to perfection, while their sailing and seamanship was a delight to watch. On this day Prince Philip once again finished third in the Dragon class, and this time in slightly different weather. The two other Dragons were out ahead, for this class possesses a great many first-class helmsmen, any of which are capable of winning against the best in the world.

High in the air on Thursday night there was a mattress of light, rounded fluffy clouds with an eider-down effect, the forerunner of an easterly wind, and so the Cowes Town Regatta of Friday was held in the lightest easterly winds and only one round of the courses was sailed. Prince Philip had decided to sail *Coweslip* this day, and having to give room to the whole fleet on the first mark, stood back and made short tacks along the Island shore, and so arrived at the first mark some ten minutes late. On the way across the Brambles his sailing ability was proved by the fact that he sailed clean away from John Chamier, the present champion of the Flying Fifteen class, who had also been swept away from the buoy, and worked the Egypt shore. Although he sailed well he could never catch those ahead, who were sailing into an ever-increasing breeze and finished the race halfway down the list.

Saturday, August 8, came in with a gentle easterly wind and the first event of the day was the start of the 600-mile-race round the Fastnet (the lighthouse off the South-West of Ireland), with a finishing line at Plymouth. Amongst the forty entries were French, Dutch, Belgian, German and American entries, the Americans having one boat in each of the three classes.

Prince Philip stayed to watch the start of the Fastnet race, after which he departed by sea and air for Balmoral.

After this the Royal Southern Yacht Club gave their regatta, using the Squadron line for the larger classes and the Island Sailing Club for the smaller, and although the wind and tide were together, all the fleet managed to sail two rounds in spite of the lightness of the wind.

At Cowes this year there were yachts from most of the maritime countries of the world, the Swedish 5.5-metre doing exceptionally well in her class.

So, though the week was a gentle rather than a boisterous one, it remains in the minds of those who took part or watched it as a pleasant memory.

SCENES FROM POST-WAR KOREA

The Repatriation of Prisoners of War and the Evacuation of the "Buffer Zone"

The battle-scarred peninsula of Korea is a place of much activity in these busy post-war days. There is much to be done to make secure the peace which, even yet, is by no means steady, and there is also the important task of repatriating the prisoners of war. Already a number of United Nations prisoners are on their way back to their homes and families, and there are many thousands more who have either left "Freedom Village" at Panmunjom or are on their way there.

The first task after the signing of the truce at Panmunjom was the withdrawal of troops from both sides to positions behind the battle line. This was achieved quickly and without regret by the men of the United Nations army who have nothing but bitter memories of the positions that they had defended for so long. It is calculated that under the present arrangements the United Nations hold about 10,000 square miles of territory north of the 38th parallel, which, generally speaking, is the line of the battlefront, and the Communists hold less than 1,000 square miles south of it.

The Armistice Commission, whose unenviable task it is to police the truce, has been having a difficult time, but has, at last, reached agreement on several important points after some attempts had been made by the Communist delegates to make discussions more difficult with allegations that the United Nations had violated the demilitarised "buffer zone" by flying over it. Great hope is attached to the outcome of the talks held between the American Secretary of State, Mr. Foster Dulles, and President Syngman Rhee, when the question of the best way to achieve the peaceful unification of Korea, and programmes for the economic rehabilitation were discussed.

ORGANISING THE EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS OF WAR IN KOREA: Members of the United Nations Red Cross team (right) meet Communist representatives at Panmunjom. Each team numbers thirty-two—sixteen from each side, representing eight nations of the Free World, Communist China and Korea. In their hands rests the organisation of the repatriation of prisoners of war. After the meeting, the United Nations team left Panmunjom to supervise the repatriation in North Korea and the Communist team left to perform the same task at United Nations camps.

PREPARING NORTH KOREAN PRISONERS OF WAR FOR REPATRIATION: These prisoners from the notorious camp on Koje Island are receiving new clothing and gear and having their records checked before leaving the island for the South Korean port of Inchon en route to Panmunjom.

U.S. MARINES DISMANTLING BUNKERS IN THE DEMILITARISED "BUFFER ZONE": Scenes such as this were a common sight along the 155-mile battle line soon after the signing of the truce at Panmunjom. The evacuation was carried out in accordance with Article I of the Armistice Document.

THE WITHDRAWAL FROM THE "BUFFER ZONE": Troops from the U.S. 7th Division look back and smile as they leave the trenches that they had defended for so long. *On right*—Filling in the trenches before the withdrawal. The "buffer zone" is an important area in Korea. Soon after the zone had been established there were many Communist complaints of violation of this zone by Allied aircraft.

BERLIN'S FOOD QUEUES

A NEWS SURVEY FROM EUROPE AND THE UNITED STATES; SOCIALISTS IN YUGOSLAVIA; WINE STRIKES IN FRANCE; SENATOR TAFT'S LYING-IN-STATE; THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT CRISIS; CANOES ON THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE

EAST BERLINERS COLLECT AMERICAN FOOD PARCELS IN DEFIANCE OF THEIR GOVERNMENT: In spite of severe counter-measures, many Germans continue to cross to the Western sectors. People's police have erected barriers on the highways, and have taken parcels from returning foragers. They have had little success in stopping Berliners, but railway travellers from East Germany were restricted in the early days.

ASSEMBLY POINT: Germans from the Eastern Sector of Berlin and from East Germany rest with their treasured food parcels before returning to their homes. Fresh developments occur every day in the great food lift from West Berlin. Threats have had little effect, but the East German Press is well under way with typical, hysterical outbursts. A propaganda move to induce East Berlin Communists to give back their parcels to unemployed in the Western Sectors has been countered by the return of many of these parcels to the distribution centres. Groups of Communist demonstrators have gathered at these centres, but it has been established that the majority of them have come from the East sector or zone. Dr. James B. Conant, U.S. High Commissioner for Western Germany, has written to Mr. Semionov, the Soviet High Commissioner, to say that he would be pleased to receive any proposals to utilise the blocked funds of the Notenbank for purchase of food in the United States for the people of Eastern Germany.

MR. ATTLEE IN BELGRADE: The Leader of the Opposition is taking a three-weeks holiday in Yugoslavia as a personal guest of President Tito. He is seen with Mr. Moshe Pijade, the Vice-President, at an official luncheon. After a few days in Belgrade he went to Dubrovnik before making a motor tour of the country which will end with a three-day visit to the island of Brioni, accompanied by his host, President Tito.

MR. BEVAN IN BELGRADE: Mr. Aneurin Bevan and Miss Jennie Lee were met at the Zemun Airport by Milovan Djilas, Vice-President of the Federal Executive Council, and Vladimir Dedijer. They went on to Dubrovnik but left before the arrival of Mr. Attlee owing to a change in the weather. They, too, are taking a motor tour in the south. Mr. George Strauss and his wife are also taking a holiday in Yugoslavia.

FRENCH WINE-GROWERS AT THE BARRICADES NEAR MONTPELLIER: Lorries, carts, tumbrils and barrels are thrown across the main roads of the Languedoc in protest against the French Government's refusal to continue its subsidy of surplus wine. On several days traffic was for some time at a standstill. The Government argues that subsidising wines which nobody wants to drink will not help solve the financial crisis. The indignant villagers are, however, unimpressed. Led by their mayors, councillors, and even Members of Parliament, they use considerable ingenuity in harrying motorists. Only police officers are admitted past the barriers, and the Mayor and the president of the local committee alone may parley with them. For this the Mayor is surrounded by a guard of veteran heroes from the village. While enjoying the sight of long queues, the wine-growers are realistic enough to offer free wine to the motorists.

FRENCH SPELEOLOGISTS EXPLORE THE CAVERNS AGAIN: At Sainte Engrace, in the Pyrenees, mules are loaded with supplies for the French expedition which is once again exploring the great underground caverns at Pierre St. Martin, near the Spanish border. This year, as previously, the expedition was delayed by Spanish protests that the caverns were in Spanish territory. But M. Levy, leader of the expedition, continued with his plans, despite the fact that Spanish troops were reported to be at the entrance to the cave. "Ever farther, ever lower" is the purpose of the expedition. M. Levy hopes to follow the course of the subterranean river which emerges in grottoes five miles away. It is also hoped to recover the body of M. Marcel Loubens, who was killed last year when he fell more than 100 ft. at the bottom of the cave. M. Louben's body still lies between rocks more than 1,500 ft. down.

SENATOR TAFT PAYS HIS LAST VISIT TO THE CAPITOL IN WASHINGTON: Members of the late Senator's family follow the bier as it is carried up the steps for the lying-in-state in the Rotunda. His father, former President Taft, was one of the previous twelve so to be honoured.

THE LYING-IN-STATE OF SENATOR TAFT: In the Rotunda of the Capitol, in Washington, Senator Taft lay in a plain, bronze coffin, guarded by honour guards of the United States Army, Navy, Air Force and Marine Corps, who took half-hourly spells. Over 30,000 people filed past to pay their last homage before the chamber was closed. On the day following the lying-in-state, a national memorial service was held in the Rotunda. It was attended by President Eisenhower and his Cabinet, members of Congress and military representatives. After the ceremony, the body was taken to Cincinnati for burial in the Indian Hill Churchyard, after a private Episcopal service for the Taft family and their closest friends at the Episcopal Presbyterian community Church had been held. Indian Hill is the suburb of Cincinnati in which the Taft family live.

ATTILIO PICCIONI ATTEMPTS TO FORM A NEW ITALIAN GOVERNMENT: The sixty-one-year-old statesman, Deputy Premier under De Gasperi, was selected by President Einaudi to attempt the formation of a new Government after Signor De Gasperi had resigned following a vote of no confidence. Signor Piccioni has the formidable task of saving his country from a situation which might easily develop into a state of Government instability, similar to that in France. The Christian Democrat Party have accepted the Democrat Socialists' offer to mediate with the Nenni Socialists with the object of broadening the base of the Government.

On right—

SIGNOR SARAGAT LEAVES SIGNOR PICCIONI'S OFFICE AFTER A CONSULTATION: Giuseppe Saragat, the Democrat Socialist leader, had been conferring with Signor Piccioni and with Signor Villabruna, leader of the Liberals. The Christian Democrats face a split within their own ranks if any strong move is made either way.

CANOES ON THE GRAND CANAL IN YENICE: Gondolas line the route as sixty canoes from eight European countries paraded after their return from the International competitions at Merano. The event was won by the German and Swiss teams. The crews paddled down to St. Elena Island, near Venice. In the background is the famous Rialto Bridge.

THE V-SHAPED WRECKAGE OF THE GIANT TEN-ENGINED CONVAIR B 36 BOMBER FLOATING IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC : The bomber crashed into the Atlantic about 450 miles west of Ireland during its flight from California to Lakenheath, Suffolk, on a routine training mission. On board were nine officers and fourteen men, including the crew, but only four survivors were rescued.

THE FATE OF AMERICA'S ATOM BOMBER

A U.S. Air Force Convair B 36 Bomber Crashes in Flames into the Atlantic off the West of Ireland; Rescuing Planes and Ships Rush to the Scene of the Disaster, but Only Four Survivors have been Picked Up

Two days after the crash in the Atlantic of the ill-fated Convair B 36 bomber hope began to fade for the fourteen missing men after two more bodies had been recovered from the sea. Altogether the bomber, described as being bigger than the Brabazon, carried twenty-three men when it left California on a routine training mission to England. The first reports that the aircraft was in difficulties were received at 3.36 on the morning of August 5, when a wireless message stated that there was fire in the plane's engines. Nineteen minutes later the plane signalled "No power in the right wing," and then at 4.19 a.m. a message stated that those on board were baling out. At that time the sea was rough and the position given by the bomber was confused. Nevertheless, aircraft sped to the scene of disaster and ships, including the British destroyer *Tenacious*, searched a wide area for possible survivors. Four live men were rescued from the raging seas, the first survivor being picked up by the *Manchester Shipper*, a merchant ship. A flying-boat went out in an attempt to touch down and pick up any survivors but had to return to its base owing to the rough weather. Fog also interrupted the search. One of the survivors escaped from the bomber by climbing through the turret.

A LIFEBOAT IS DROPPED BY PARACHUTE TO THE SCENE OF DISASTER : Aircraft searching the area reported a raft with four live men in it and another man lying in an exposure suit. An overturned life-raft was also spotted. Immediately after the crash twenty-five aircraft left on a search expedition, criss-crossing the area where the first survivors were seen.

THIS IS ONE OF THE AMERICAN GIANT CONVAIR B 36 BOMBERS : The 150-ton plane has six conventional petrol and four jet engines. It is the world's largest aeroplane in regular operation.

THE FOG-BOUND GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE OF SAN FRANCISCO : The two tips of the bridge seen above a blanket of white fog which covered the city and part of the coast during recent weeks. The picture was taken at 6 a.m. with a speed lens set at 1-500th of a second. The negative was over-developed in order to bring out the detail.

ON AMERICA'S WEST AND EAST COASTS

An Unusual View of San Francisco's Celebrated Bridge; New York's Latest Developments in the Building Industry

NEW METHODS IN SKYSCRAPER CONSTRUCTION—A NEW YORK BUILDING FACED WITH ALUMINIUM : This is the framework of steel and concrete for the new 26-storey skyscraper now rising on Park Avenue. Instead of using the conventional masonry for the exterior, the structure is being enclosed by a curtain wall of 1,800 prefabricated aluminium wall and window panels, thus making it the city's first aluminium-clad office building. The entire operation of covering the building with aluminium is scheduled to take only twelve working days, two whole floors being completed in one day. It is considered to be six times faster than bricklaying. The panels are two storeys high and the first few sections can be seen in position in the bottom left-hand corner of the building. The entire operation is carried out within the structure and without the use of any exterior scaffolding.

THE OPENING OF THE NEW EAST SIDE AIRLINES TERMINAL AND PUBLIC GARAGE IS DELAYED BY STRIKES IN THE AMERICAN BUILDING INDUSTRY : The opening of this terminal was arranged for September 15, but, owing to the strikes, has been postponed until October. The building is located in Manhattan on the western side of First Avenue between 37th and 38th Streets at the entrance to the Queens Midtown Tunnel. It will serve as the point of arrival and departure of all airport buses to and from LaGuardia and Idlewild Airports and will also serve Newark Airport until a west side terminal is built. The ground floor contains a parking and service garage for airport buses, while on the first floor there is a bus loading and unloading space surrounding the ticket counters and public waiting-room. The mezzanine floor contains office space and ticket counters for foreign airlines and the roof has parking-space for 275 cars.

On right—

THE NEW SHAPE OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK AUTHORITY'S NEWARK AIRPORT, NEW JERSEY : An aerial view showing the new terminal building, other administrative buildings, the ramps and part of the landing-strip. Close by is a massive 7,000 by 200 ft. runway. In this picture the former small terminal building is seen on the right of the new buildings. The new Newark terminal, 600 ft. long and 166 ft. wide, is equipped with a 500-ft. glass-walled observation deck. The naming ceremony of the airport took place at the end of last month.

THE TRANS-CANADA HIGHWAY—A STRETCH OF THE ROAD SKIRTING JACKFISH BAY, ON LAKE ONTARIO: The Highway, Canada's latest road-building exploit, is a 5,000-mile-long thoroughfare linking Sydney, on the east coast, with Vancouver, on the west. It is the first roadway to be built in Canada with the same specifications in each province, previous roads having been built to the specification of the province that they traversed.

CANADA'S COAST-TO-COAST HIGHWAY

The 5,000-mile-long Trans-Canada Highway, which Runs fro East Coast to West Coast, Passing the Great Lakes and the Rocki

SOME OF THE WONDERFUL SCENERY THROUGH WHICH THE HIGHWAY RUNS: This is the gateway to the Riding Mountain National Park, in Manitoba. The parts of the Highway which run through or near to popular National Parks, such as Riding Mountain, which had more than 350,000 visitors last year, must be built to stand up to heavier traffic.

THE TRANS-CANADA HIGHWAY IN THE PRAIRIE PROVINCES: A long-distan passenger bus is seen rolling past miles of rich wheatfields Saskatchewan, a few miles west of Regina. From the province Saskatchewan westwards, the task of road-building is much complica by the many mountain ranges which entail many bridges and cuttin

A TRANQUIL STRETCH OF THE TRANS-CANADA HIGHWAY IN NEW BRUNSWICK: This is typical of some of the quieter country through which the road runs. In other parts, however, the scenery is much more rugged.

CARS AND LORRIES ARE NOT THE ONLY THINGS TO USE THE HIGHWAY: A bear finds that the road makes a very good surface for a short rest before continuing his walk in the mountains of British Columbia. Bears are quite often seen on this stretch of the road.

SOME TYPICAL SCENERY THAT MAY BE ENJOYED FROM THE COUNTRY SURROUNDING THE HIGHWAY: These two girls are looking out over the gulf separating Cape Breton Island from the mainland in Nova Scotia. Before them stretches part of the eastern extremity of the highway proper. The road is continued, however, on Newfoundland, where it runs from the Port aux Basques, in the west, to St. John's, on the Atlantic coast. The Highway is expected to be completed in 1956.

In 1922 the first motor crossing of Canada was made by E. Flickenger, a photographer who had to fit flanged wheels to his model "T" Ford, as the only possible way to cross one section of the terrain was to travel along the railway track.

To-day, thirty-one years after Flickenger's exploit, Canadian drivers will soon be able to cross from coast to coast, keeping to one uniform roadway throughout the journey. It was mainly due to Flickenger's drive that official attention was drawn to the great need for a roadway linking the two coasts of Canada.

The forerunners of the present Trans-Canada Highway were built independently by the different provinces, and could by no means be called continuous. But to-day, after much political discussion, the present highway, many sections of which are already open to traffic, is being built in stretches across 5,000 miles of rugged terrain, spanning Canada from coast to coast, with extensions linking Newfoundland and Vancouver Island with the system on the mainland. From Nova Scotia it crosses the St. Lawrence to Quebec, from here running south to skirt the Great Lakes. Then it strikes boldly across country, keeping close to the U.S.A.-Canadian border, passing over her mountainous Rockies to Vancouver on the west coast. It is a great improvement on former systems, which made lengthy detours, passing through a series of provincial highway networks, each built to the specifications of the province concerned. The present road is built to the same specification throughout, each province building its own part of the Highway and paying half the cost, the Government paying the other half.

The final specifications were decided at a conference held between the Government and the provinces in April 1949, and they called for a two-lane, all-weather road, 3 ins. thick with a gravel or cut-stone base, hard-surfaced, 24 ft. wide, with a 10-ft. gravel shoulder and an unobstructed view of 600 ft. in either direction on curves, except in difficult terrain such as in the Rockies. The hills were not to be graded more than three degrees.

In the summer of 1950 construction was started, the work in one province going on concurrently with that in the others. In Manitoba the highway was built west to link with the highway in Saskatchewan, and east to meet the part of the road being built in Ontario. Construction crews in the coastal provinces of Nova Scotia and British Columbia headed seaward on one side, and worked to link up with their neighbouring provinces on the other. The section of the road running through Ontario has proved the most costly, as in the northern part of this province the highway has had to be built through the wild Lake Nipigon country, where crews have had to blast their way through hard-rock escarpments. Geographically, Canada is one of the most difficult countries in the world for road-building, and the construction of the highway is a long, complex and costly job, as topography, climate, and soils vary sharply from section to section.

Although the road is now partly open to traffic, there is much yet to be done. The greater part of it has yet to be hard-surfaced, and many sections are not even ready for the surface. When all sections of the highway have been surfaced and completed there will still be the yearly spring task of repairing the road from the ravages of the fierce Canadian winter. But, nevertheless, the dream of Canadian motorists and transport concerns will then have come true, and Canadians will be able to travel from the east coast to the west on one uninterrupted road.

A SCENE IN ABERDEEN HARBOUR, WITH THE TOWERS OF MARISCHAL COLLEGE AND THE MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS RISING IN THE BACKGROUND: The earliest references to Aberdeen as a seaport are contained in the Sagas of the Norsemen about 800 years ago. To-day the total area of the Harbour Estate administered by the Harbour Commissioners extends to 370 acres, of which the water area extends to 199 acres and the land area to 171 acres. Although Aberdeen occupies a prominent place as an important seaport for the import and export of general merchandise, it stands pre-eminent as a fishing port. It is the largest fishery harbour in Scotland.

KING'S COLLEGE WHICH, TOGETHER WITH MARISCHAL COLLEGE, FORMS THE UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN: King's College, which is the older of the two establishments, was founded in 1494 under a Bull of Pope Alexander VI obtained at the instigation of King James IV. A prominent figure responsible for the foundation was Bishop Elphinstone. The tower seen in this drawing was completed in 1505.

ABERDEEN

GRANITE CITY OF THE NORTH

The Commercial Capital of North-East Scotland, Where the North Sea Plays Such an Important Role in the Life of the Community, Takes its True Character from the Land; Although Established on an Historic and Firm Foundation, it is Continually Aware of the Problems Created in the Modern Age

By GEORGE BLAKE

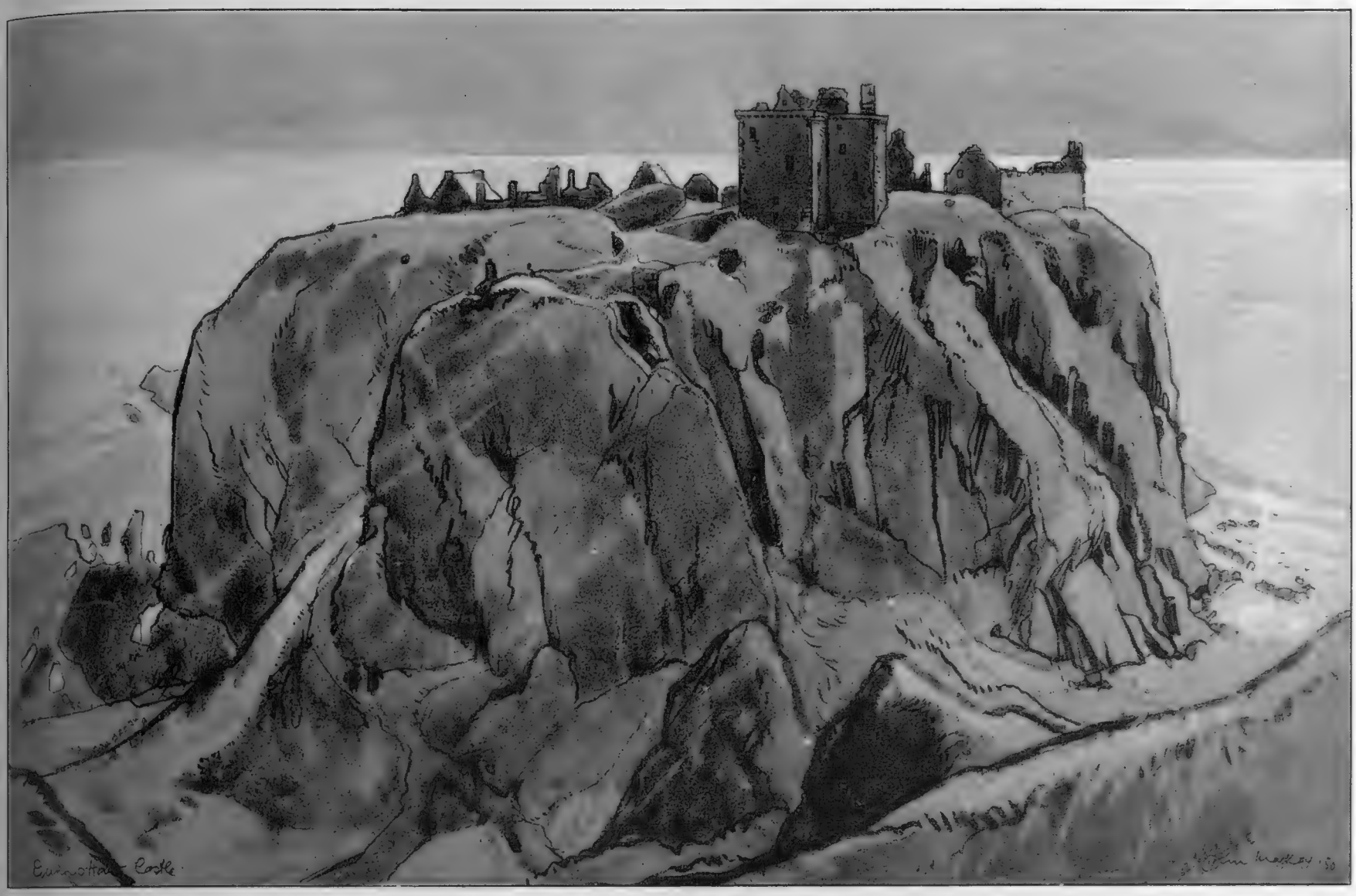
WITH SPECIAL "SPHERE" DRAWINGS BY JOHN MACKAY

Aberdeen, northernmost of Scotland's "Big Three," is the third largest city north of the Border. It is the commercial capital of north-east Scotland, the "Granite City of the North"—for the granite work produced in Aberdeen is unequalled for quality and design. It is also called "The Silver City" by reason of its many granite buildings. In the accompanying article George Blake writes that Aberdeen is a "two-faced city": one face turned to the North Sea, which provides such a bountiful harvest for the local fishing fleet, the other to the rich farming lands of Aberdeenshire. Industry, too, occupies a prominent place in the achievements of the City, and the remarkably low unemployment figures, which have been maintained since the War, bear witness to Aberdeen's proud position in national and international commerce. The drawings in this special SPHERE *feature are by John Mackay, and, together with the photographs, give some idea of Aberdeen's varied life and achievements.*

"TAK' awa' Aiberdeen and twal' miles roon', and what have ye?" That is: take away the city of Aberdeen and the country for twelve miles round about it, and what of worth is left in the United Kingdom?

This is a good specimen of the typical Aberdonian joke. It at once laughs at the native foibles and boasts of the city's uniqueness in the British scheme of things. Aberdeen is certainly unique as a city of some 200,000 souls improbably situated on the north-eastern knuckle of Scotland. Edinburgh, Glasgow and Dundee are in their various ways comprehensible within the terms of the industrialisation of the Scottish Lowlands. But why this sizeable community away up there on the verge of the bleakest expanses of the North Sea, and why the legends that have developed about it and its people?

Take the legends first. It is the Granite City. Its people are so granite-hearted that not even a Jew can survive among them. The streets of Aberdeen are deserted on any flag day. At least two of these legends are Aberdonian, self-inflicted jokes. But there is no doubt that it is the Granite City, largely built out of the local quarries of that gleaming mineral. When the Portland stone of London's principal buildings shines white in sunlight, or the sandstone of Glasgow wears a sombre glow, the granite of the North so sparkles like a festive decoration that it hurts the eyes. On the other side are the facts that granite imposes on the architect a



THE RUINS OF DUNNOTTAR CASTLE, RENOWNED IN THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND: It was from this fortress standing 150 ft. above the sea at Stonehaven, about 14 miles south of Aberdeen, that the Honours of Scotland were smuggled away at the time of its siege by Cromwell's troops. The castle dates from the seventh century and continued to serve the Scottish community until its dismantlement in 1720. In 1685 it served as a prison for over a hundred Covenanters.

On left—

THE ARRIVAL OF A BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS PLANE AT DYCE AIRPORT: Aberdeen's well-equipped airport, capable of handling a considerable amount of air traffic, is situated about seven miles outside the city. B.E.A. operate daily return services to Wick, the Shetlands, Orkneys and Glasgow. Passengers are conveyed to the airport by B.E.A.'s own buses from the town terminal.

somewhat monumental, if not positively funereal, style, and that the grey granite of Aberdeen can look mighty drab when a cold nor'-easter is bringing in lashings of rain from a depression situated off Norway.

One good way of studying this phenomenon, and of seeing two of the city sights, is to consider the sharp contrast between the colleges that make up the University of Aberdeen—Marischal (pronounced "Marshal") and King's. Marischal is near the city centre and is a relatively modern job. It is all of the silvern native granite. It is remarkable. It is splendid. You buy a picture postcard of it to send home. But do you *like* it? Is there perhaps not something a little too, too austere? Something too suggestive of a Victorian architect's anxiety to build grandly in both Perpendicular Gothic and a stone that can never make for sweetness?

Then take the bus out to Old Aberdeen, where the branches of trees hang over the pavements of quiet streets and the older houses are red-tiled in the Flemish manner. Here is King's, under the shadow of St. Machar's Cathedral. It was founded in 1494. The chapel has a lovely tower with an open crown and lantern. It would decorate any Oxford college. But it is built of sandstone, a sweet nut within the carapace of granite. So with the Cathedral near by, carefully described by the guide-book as "the only ancient granite cathedral in Britain." Old it is, dating originally from 1136, but the best of it as a building is of sandstone.

This contrast of architectural styles and materials has always seemed to me to symbolise perfectly the character of that fine city and its people—always something soft and warm behind the ostensible air of hardness.

It is a seat of humane learning. Aberdeen's two fine grammar schools, Aberdeen Grammar School and Robert Gordon's College, with a little assistance from the University, have produced over many years a quite staggering succession of men successful in public affairs at home and in the Dominions—and both play a very pretty game of Rugger, too. The great modern hospital on Forresterhill, built by a quite fantastic outpouring of private and local monies, houses a medical school of renown. The Scottish National Dictionary, still rather laboriously appearing in parts, is edited from King's College. Out at Torry and behind the bold lighthouse on

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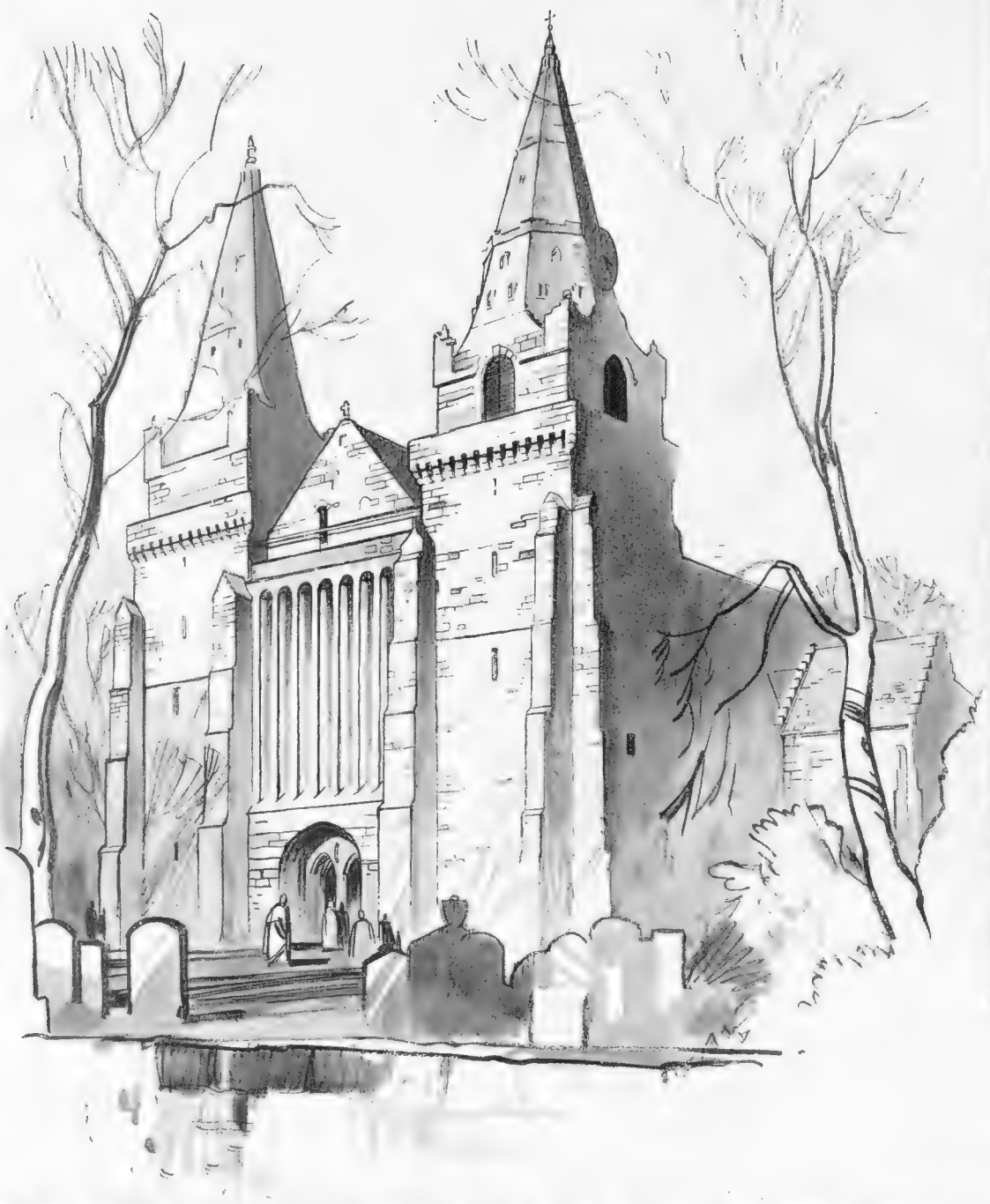
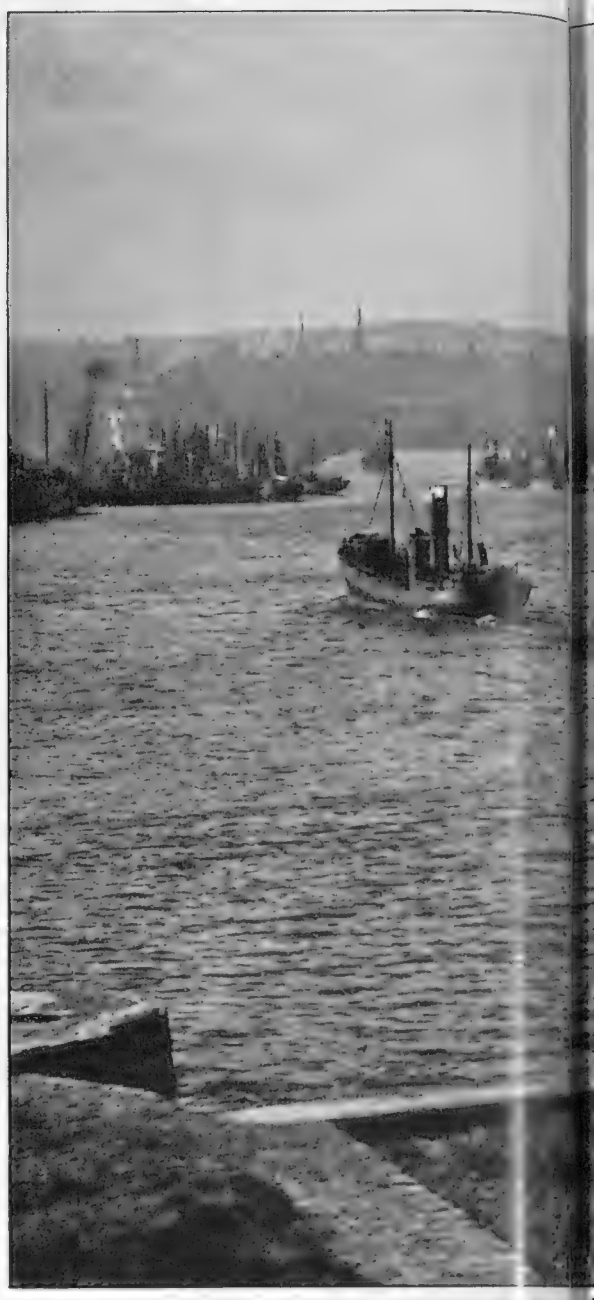
ABERDEEN—THE ROYAL BURGH AND ITS ENVIRONS: A special diagrammatic map by Leslie S. Haywood showing the positions of some of the more prominent buildings and areas of the city, the surrounding countryside and the coast. The road in the bottom left-hand corner leads to Royal Deeside—a reminder that the city has strong links with the Royal Family. In the north is the golf-course.

ABERDEEN—GRANITE CITY OF THE NORTH



THE ONLY GRANITE CATHEDRAL IN THE COUNTRY: A view of the west end of the Cathedral dedicated to St. Machar, a companion of St. Columba. The nave of the building is used as the parish church of St. Machar, the choir and transepts having been destroyed in the seventeenth century. The present structure is said to have been begun in the fourteenth century by Bishop Alexander Kininmunde.

THE OLD BRIG O' DEE, BETWEEN INVERCAULD AND BALMORAL: The construction is one of the finest examples of this style of bridge in Scotland. In the background are the slopes leading to the Royal Estates on Deeside. Along the valleys of the Rivers Dee and Don is to be found some of the finest scenery in Scotland.



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Girdleness is a marine biological research station that ha contributed richly to human understanding of subjects s diverse as the distribution of fish in the North Sea and th right way to cure a kipper.

One is never far from the North Sea in Aberdeen That somewhat unattractive expanse of salt water con ditions the life as well as the climate of the city in a wid variety of ways. They fish from Aberdeen on the larg scale, in steam trawlers, and the Fish Market is one of t sights. It is best visited fairly early in the morning, befor eight o'clock, when acres of concrete are covered with th incredibly varied harvest of the sea and the landlubb encounters, among the prime haddock of the coast, marin creatures that have to be seen to be believed. The visi can also be educative in terms of the regional dial Listening to the patter of the auctioneers and the talk o the fishermen among themselves, a traveller from the Sout might well pass a hand across his eyes and wonder if h had not strayed into Flemish territory by mistake.

Northwards from this place of bustle the sea suddenly plays another trick. A short run by tram, actually quit a short walk, and you are on the wide, open spaces o the King's Links, where the children and the dogs tumbl on the grass and the gleaming horses are exercised in th freshness of the northern morning, while golfers are seen pursuing their earnest ends away up towards the mouth of the Don. Here the sea beats or murmurs along a lovely stretch of clean sand, and a group of buildings and kiosks that might have been more handsomely architected perhaps, suggests the pursuit of pleasure.

This is Aberdeen in its capacity of holiday resort, and an extremely popular one at that. It is vastly favoured by the masses of the industrial Lowlands. It is indeed a curious thing that so many people from Glasgow choose year after year to take their annual dose of fun in another city. The excellence of the beach, backed by the sparkling airiness of the links, has much to do with it; and the there are the copious amenities of the town's bustling life— plenty of public houses, pictures, good restaurants and hotels; plenty of motor coaches to whisk the holiday-make into the enchanted hinterland, Balmoral included. And there is always Union Street . . .

One sees Aberdeen from so many different angles! At one moment it is a great fishing port, with a large home based fleet of trawlers. Then it is a shipbuilding centre, the local yard one of the oldest in continuous production in the world. Then it is a pleasure resort and a nursery of Scotch comedians. It is the centre of a hosiery industry that provides most of us with our woollen gloves, if we like that sort of thing. It is a place given over to the quarrying of granite. It is, if you like, the city governed by a council of which the most outspoken and diverting member is a mem Englishman. It is—according to the legend—inhabited mainly by lumpy, grudging persons with a highly-develope

A TRAWLER, HOME FROM THE SEA, ENTERS THE HARBOUR OF THE GRANITE CITY: From time to time the Harbour Commissioners have greatly improved the harbour by deepening the entrance channel, providing good shed accommodation and constructing a large floating dock. Since the war additional important schemes of development have been approved.

On right—

LANDING THE CATCH FROM THE NORTHERN SEAS: A scene at the Fish Market at Aberdeen, which extends along the north and west sides of Albert Basin and partly along the south side. Aberdeen's fishery harbour owes its position largely to the trawling industry, which largely developed about 1885.

sense of material values. . . . But now let us take the walk along Union Street and discover the other large factor in this one city's variety and importance.

Union Street is a shopping centre as fine as you will find in any British city. It is wide and airy, lifted above the lower levels of the town, rather in the manner of High Holborn. Its shops are full of all the good things and obviously cater for folk in what are politely called the higher-income groups. What most astonishes the stranger, however, is the wealth of rich native food on display—not merely the fresh fish of the North Sea, but such a proliferation of new-laid eggs, honey, chickens, pigeons, venison in season, game birds and what-have-you in such a plenty as you could hardly see elsewhere outside France. In the very bleakest years of wartime rationing Aberdeen always seemed to be that bit better off than communities less favourably placed.

Union Street is really the point at which Aberdeen turns its back upon the cold North Sea. The excellence of the shops is related, in strict economics, to the fact that the shire behind is very much "County"—and the barracks and H.Q. Mess of the Gordon Highlanders, no less, are in this city. The diversity of food and its abundance relatively to the rest of the United Kingdom come of the brilliant, canny husbandry practised in the hinterland.

This is the country of wheat, oats, great proud Clydesdale horses and, peerless in their kind, "the doddies"—the sleek, black, hornless, harmless cattle of the Aberdeen-Angus breed that provides the primest of "prime Scotch beef," and has fertilised the best herds of all the Americas. Among the great Scottish occasions are the Perth Sales, when exotic gentlemen in high Stetsons, chewing cigars and saying very little, will buy by a lift of the finger an Aberdeen-Angus bull for anything from £5,000 to £7,000, having flown from Rio or Dallas, Texas, with this single object in view.

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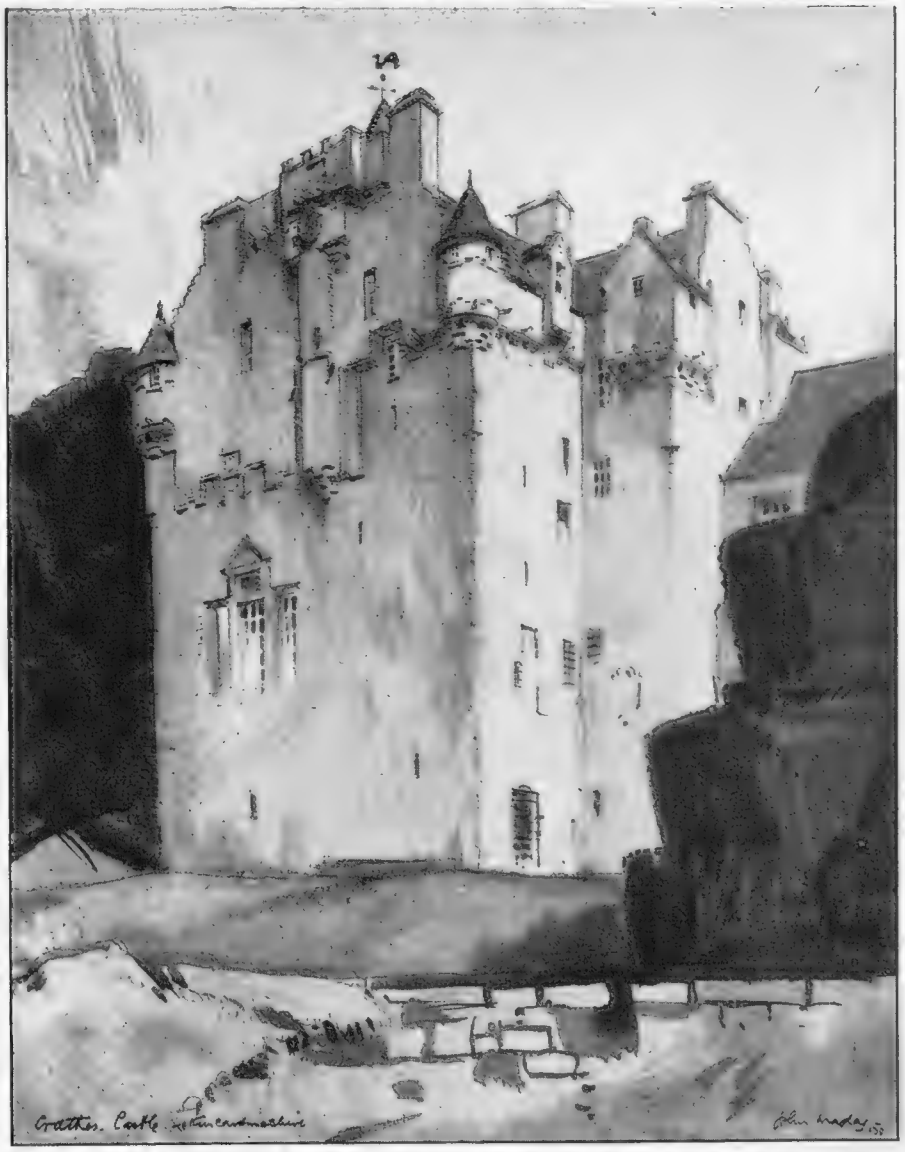

CRATHES CASTLE, WHICH STANDS BY DEESIDE, 20 MILES INLAND FROM ABERDEEN: This is one of the finest examples of Scottish castellated architecture of the early sixteenth century. The oldest part of the castle has recently been handed over to the care of the National Trust for Scotland by General Sir James Burnett of Leys.

ABERDEEN—GRANITE CITY OF THE NORTH

"THE SILVER CITY WITH THE GOLDEN SANDS": That is the claim made by Aberdeen, one of the leading holiday resorts of Scotland. The sea beach, situated along the broad sweep of Aberdeen Bay, has two miles of sands and attracts holiday-makers from all parts of the country, including many from England.

THE GIRDLENESS LIGHTHOUSE, WHICH STANDS OFF THE SOUTH ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR: The lighthouse is open to visitors on each weekday, excepting Saturday, from 11 a.m.

ABERDEEN'S MAIN THOROUGHFARE AND SHOPPING CENTRE: The long, broad stretch of Union Street, built almost entirely of granite, has been described as possessing "all the stability, cleanliness and architectural beauties of the London West End streets, with the gaiety and brilliance of the Parisian atmosphere." The laying-out of Union Street in 1801 marked the beginning of the city's real expansion. The town council of the time had so little regard to expense that in 1817 the city became bankrupt, but by 1825 all was well.

A GAME OF DRAUGHTS IN UNION TERRACE GARDENS, SITUATED IN THE CENTRE OF THE CITY: The players use a pole with a hook at the end to move the pieces.

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So Aberdeen is really a two-faced city: one turned to the sea, the other to the fertile backblocks; and probably it takes most of its true character from the country. Those now-rich farming lands of Aberdeenshire were not won from a naturally difficult soil without much expenditure of sweat, toil and tears. They are maintained in their quite extraordinarily high degree of productivity by sheer hard work and guts directed by the native intelligence. They still nurture the best qualities of the Scottish peasant. His songs (or bothy ballads, as they call them), his tongue and his social customs, may be rough enough in a polite understanding, but he remains of the salt of the earth; and it is he who has given the city of Aberdeen so much of its strength.

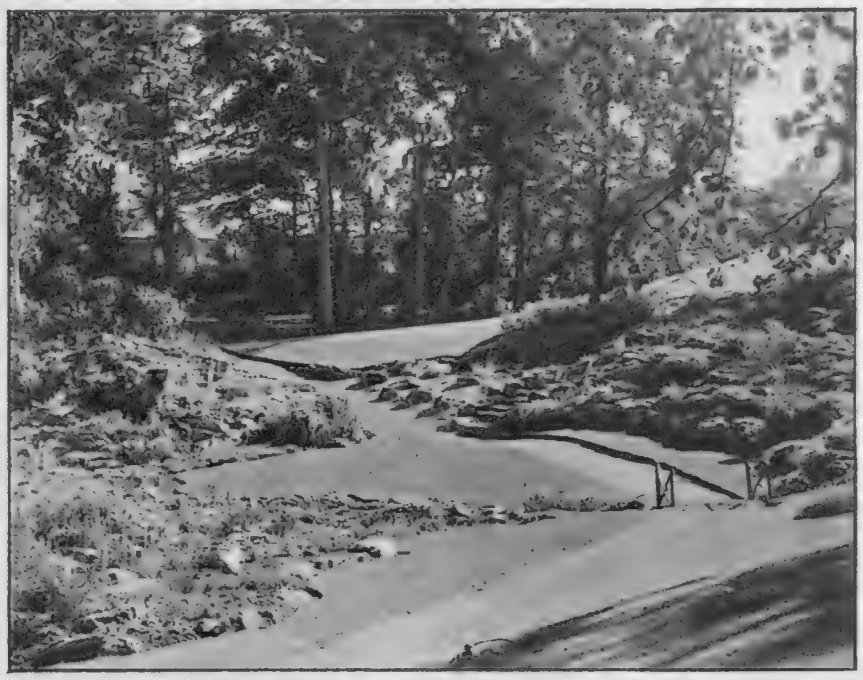
The right way to look at Aberdeen is to see it as a capital city in its own right. It is the perfectly natural expression in stone and human character of the region, strangely isolated from the rest of Scotland, that extends from the shores of the Moray Firth southwards down to Montrose or thereabouts, with a lot of both wild and fertile country behind the seaboard. It has neither coal nor iron; even the bricks for its modern building must be road-hauled hundreds of miles from Lanarkshire and Stirlingshire. But it *exists*, very much a character among the British cities: perhaps the most vehement character of them all.

One little thing—like Allingham's duck on a pond—has always seemed to me to set Aberdeen and its hinterland quite apart. The distribution of the regional daily newspaper is made by post and bus in a remarkably high proportion of its circulation, and it is one of the oddest things in the world to see how it is delivered to the farmhouses in the backblocks. As the bus sways along the country road it slows down slightly on approaching the junction with what the Scots call a loan—the private road to the farm. With a sense of timing that

On left—
THE RUBISLAW GRANITE QUARRY AT ABERDEEN : Aberdeen's granite trade by 1845 had become well established, and large quantities of paving stones and building stones were exported. This was due to Alexander Macdonald, the son of a Perthshire crofter, who had set up business in a small way as a freestone mason in the city. He rediscovered the secret of polishing granite, which had been lost from the time of the Pharaohs, and so opened up the way for a new and prosperous branch of the granite industry. Polished granite work has since been carried out for buildings in many parts of the world. As a building stone, Aberdeen granite is famous both for its durability and its attractive appearance.

On right—
TOWN HOUSE, HOME OF THE CIVIC CORPORATION : In terms of statute, the Council is designated "The Corporation of the City of Aberdeen." The Chairman is the Lord Provost.

A ROYAL RESIDENCE IN ABERDEENSHIRE : Balmoral Castle, the Queen's Highland home on Deeside, is 50 miles from Aberdeen. The building, in white granite, was erected in 1854 from the designs of the Prince Consort.



A QUIET CORNER IN JOHNSTON GARDENS : There are eight parks in Aberdeen, and the total area occupied by recreational grounds and open spaces is 2,180 acres. The largest of the parks is Hazlehead, with 200 acres of woodlands.

would not disgrace Len Hutton, the conductress then swings open the door of her vehicle and tosses the bundle into the air. Meanwhile, a farm dog of the collie sort has been waiting for this very moment, like any industrious railway porter eager for the arrival of the 9.27. One has seen one jump to catch the hurtling parcel in mid-air. Either way, it has soon got it between its white teeth and is trotting down the loan to lay at its master's feet the record of the day's doings.

So many little idiosyncratic things like that are woven into the pattern of life within the rich agricultural province of which Aberdeen is the capital. If you would probe into the very heart of rural life in Scotland, try a market day at Huntly or Turriff, when the atmosphere is strangely compounded of swagger motor-cars and accents you could cut with a knife, of enormous meals and the nippy discussion of prices and what the Scottish farmer calls subsydies. Then bear northwards to the fishing townlets of the Moray Firth, to such remote, clean towns as Fraserburgh and Peterhead on the eastern coast, and see how the economy also rests on the colder and more chancy harvest of the sea.

Such are the roots that bore the city and Royal Burgh of Aberdeen. Its fortunes and character are firmly based on good fishing and farming passing rich ; it is old and it is new. It is, in fact, so new that its modern housing is of excellent quality and scope, while the City Fathers sensibly ordained a circular motor road through these outlying suburbs for the benefit of the northbound traveller in a hurry.

But he is a poor traveller who misses Aberdeen. That is to miss the very essence of one important way of Scottish life, and to miss what (with due apologies to Edinburgh) can fairly be regarded as the most interesting, irritating, diverse, warm, solid and always characterful community north of the Border.

THE OLDEST FIRST-CLASS BRIDGE IN SCOTLAND STILL IN FULL USE : The early fourteenth-century Brig o' Balgownie, which spans the Don on the outskirts of Old Aberdeen. This lies to the north of the new city near the mouth of the placid Don. In contrast to the old bridge across the Don is the modern King George VI bridge spanning the River Dee, opened in March, 1941, which carries the main road to the south.

On left—
SPANISH ROYALTY AT A GROUSE SHOOT DURING THE 1952 SEASON : On the extreme right of this picture is the Count of Barcelona (Don Juan, the Pretender to the Spanish Throne). Other members of the Spanish Royal Family in the picture are the Prince of Asturias and the Princess Infanta Pilar.

On right—
GROUSE-SHOOTING IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS : This print, an engraving by T. Sutherland after a painting by the famous Henry Alken, was published by R. Ackermann at his Eclipse Sporting Gallery in Regent Street in 1817, and records one of the grouse shoots held in the early days of the sport. This picture is reproduced by kind permission of Fores' Gallery.

"THE TWELFTH" IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

GROUSE SHOOTING ON THE GRAND SCALE IS ON THE DECLINE, BUT IT REMAINS A SPORT BEYOND COMPARE, AND "THE TWELFTH" IS STILL AN IMPORTANT DATE FOR SPORTSMEN

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE grouse-shooting season opened on August 12. "The Twelfth"—"The Glorious Twelfth" of some of the Society magazines—is the one date in the shooting year known to everybody, even to those who have never seen a grouse or handled a gun. Indeed, The Twelfth and grouse and Scotland are pretty well synonymous in the minds of most people.

This is, when you come to think about it, really rather remarkable. For, in the long history of sport, the story of the gun is comparatively short and the story of grouse shooting is much shorter still. Moreover, grouse shooting for sport did not start in Scotland, but in Durham, and to this day it has no closer connection with Scotland than with the North of England.

A comparatively new sport: certainly the youngest of all our field sports. In the latter half of the eighteenth century no laird or owner of moorland would any more have dreamt of shooting his grouse himself than he would have considered butchering his cattle himself. He had servants for that sort of thing. The idea of shooting grouse for sport had certainly never entered the head of one of them. I do not know who first started shooting grouse for sport, but the first man to do it on any sort of scale was the Bishop of Durham. There is a record of *driving* grouse on his moor, Horsley Moor, in 1803. This is the first record of driven grouse.

The Bishop of Durham was a man far ahead of his time. Driving did not become usual for at least another fifty years. In the early days the birds were walked up over dogs. The sportsman might have a pointer and a couple of guns and a loader, and he just went for a walk. It was all very simple and very enjoyable and very cheap. It was a strictly local and strictly private sport, confined to the moor-owner and one or two of his friends invited for luncheon.

The idea of shooting grouse had not penetrated to the south at all. Colonel Peter Hawker, on his way to Scotland, had a day on the Bowes Moor in 1812. He wrote about it, of course, but it was not in fact a very successful day, and it did not make much impression on south-country sportsmen. It really did not seem to be worth while going all that way for so little. It was another Englishman, Charles St. John, who first went to Scotland in 1830, who put Scotland on the map as a sporting country. His writings were widely read and the possibilities for sport were duly noted. But men then read of the activities of St. John in the wilds of Sutherland very much as one would now read of the adventures of some intrepid explorer-sportsman in the wilds of Tibet.

It was the coming of the railways that widened the possibilities of grouse shooting. Until the railways came such grouse shooting as there was had been confined to the aristocracy and their fortunate friends. With the railways came the new rich of the industrial revolution. But the landlords, judged by the standards of these days, were curiously slow to take advantage of all this new money. They did not let their moors. It was not considered gentlemanly so to do. Shooting was still by permission of the owner, and permission was pretty easy to obtain. And even when moors were let—and there were very, very few—rents were amazingly low, even taking into account the change in the value of money. The Earl of Malmesbury, for example, rented the shooting rights of the whole of the island of Lewis for £25 a year.

RETRIEVING: Bint, a dog belonging to Major George Findlay, retrieving during a shoot last year at Lochan, near Amulree. There was much speculation this year as to whether the prospects for the "Glorious Twelfth" would be good. It was thought that the wet weather during May and June, which drowned the first hatchings, might have had a rather adverse effect.

This happy state of affairs did not last long. Between 1850 and 1870 there was a steady decline in sheep farming. It was the slump in sheep farming that "made" grouse shooting. Gradually it became more and more profitable to look upon a moor as a grouse-ground rather than as a sheep-ground. More and more landowners began to let their moors for the shooting, and the demand for grouse moors increased enormously.

Two other factors helped in making grouse shooting an industry. The first was the invention of the breech-loader in 1854. Breech-loaders meant a much faster rate of shooting, which, in turn, meant that more grouse had to be provided. The breech-loader was in common use by 1870, and it was in 1872 that the other factor intervened. Grouse disease was rampant in 1872 and 1873. Moors were denuded of birds. The landowners, who had come to regard the grouse as an economic asset in place of sheep, were now faced with an even worse slump. Something had to be done to prevent fresh outbreaks of disease, and it is from this date that one can trace the beginnings of scientific moor-management. And it is from this date, as part of the campaign to keep a stock of grouse on the moors, that driving as opposed to walking-up became the common practice.

The slump was overcome, and by 1880 the great days of grouse shooting had arrived. From now on it was to become an industry as well as a sport. It will give some idea of what was happening when one realises that at Broomhead in 1858 the record bag for one day was eighty-two birds. In 1893 on the same moor 2,648 grouse were killed in the day. But there was much more than a great increase in the number of birds. Moors had become such valuable properties that the letting was put into the hands of specialist agencies. This meant an immediate increase in the rents, but it also meant that, as more and more money came in, improvements were made.

THE EARL OF DALKEITH AT WANLOCKHEAD : The Earl is seen at the shoot which he led on Wanlockhead Moor, in Dumfriesshire, last year. Although there are still many sportsmen who shoot, taxation and the exorbitant price of cartridges have killed the sport on the grand scale.

The agencies saw to that. Grouse shooting had once been a sport for the tough and hardy. Very few shooting lodges had had any amenities at all—it was not at all uncommon to find a twenty-bedroomed lodge with no bathroom at all—and even a really comfortable bed was, so I have been told, a rarity. This was all right when sport was all that mattered. But the man who paid a high rent and was accustomed to the luxury of a town house, wanted to take his wife with him to the moors and wanted to entertain as well as shoot. Now bathrooms were installed, drying rooms provided, constant hot water supplied, even comfortable beds. Gardens were laid out round some of the more highly-priced lodges. And more than that. Since the owners of big moors drew a very considerable income from their rents a bad year was a serious matter for them, and so they began to study the moor as a moor. Gamekeepers took the place of shepherds, and moor management began to be taken scientifically. Drainage was studied, heather burning was undertaken systematically, vermin were rigorously kept down, and grouse disease became a matter of national importance. In 1911 *The Grouse in Health and Disease* was published, the result of several years of work by a committee of experts under the chairmanship of Lord Lovat. Ironically enough, the next year was one of the worst for grouse disease. But the fact is that that massive two-volume monograph remains the best book that has ever been published on any single bird, and it is also true to say that we know very little more now than is contained within those covers.

The era of great bags came with the opening years of this century, the record bag being obtained on August 12, 1915, on the Littledale and Abbeystead beat in Lancashire. On that day 2,929 grouse were shot by eight guns. The first three days of the season on that moor in that year produced no fewer than 5,971 grouse, and the bag for the whole season was 17,078 birds. (This total was obtained from an area of less than 17,000 acres, and all the grouse on the

THE "GLORIOUS TWELFTH": Members of Mr. Tom Burrel's shoot at Lochan, near Amulree, making their way up the hill before the start of the first day's sport last year. Rain spoiled the opening day, but bags were good. The guns were out in Ayrshire and Stirlingshire almost before daybreak.

COUNTING THE BAG: The lunchtime scene at the shoot held by Mr. Freddie Peshall at Glen Quaich last year. With a bag of 21½ brace, this was the best start to any season since the end of the war.

moor were not killed—a good example of fantastic over-stocking.) Huge bags were also obtained in Yorkshire, Scotland and North Wales in the years immediately preceding the First World War. But the real boom in grouse shooting did not come until 1920. And then it was, indeed, a tremendous boom. Moors changed hands at fantastic prices and moors let at very high rents, and, though there was a sharp fall with the world slump of 1929, rents remained high until the outbreak of the Second World War.

But by no means as high as a casual reading of the gossip columns might have led one to believe. This was the age of advertising run riot; this was the age when money did not talk, it shouted; this was the age of blatant personal publicity. The grouse moor became "social news." The Press began to report The Twelfth with enthusiasm but little accuracy (you can rely on reading about "the crack of the rifle" being heard on the moors at dawn in some paper every year to this day), and even to publish quite early in the summer forecasts of a bumper season to come. (These forecasts were, I suspect, inspired as often as not by interested parties with moors to let. A long and close experience has convinced me that the only grouse season that can be forecast with any accuracy is a bad season.) At the same time photographs of parties on The Twelfth began to appear in numbers. They showed the most astonishing specific likeness: the men carrying their guns at all sorts of improbable angles, the women perched precariously on shooting-sticks, the marriageable daughters well to the front, clad in suitable tweeds and wearing fixed but winsome smiles. The captions always contained the sentence, "Birds were plentiful and strong on the wing." It was in connection with these photographs that one heard hints of the enormous rent Mr. So-and-so was paying for his moor.

Roughly speaking, in the years before the war, the rentable value of a moor could be calculated at a pound a brace. A 2,000-brace moor would be about £2,000. The pound-a-brace calculation held good pretty well for moors of more than 500 brace in Scotland (Scottish moors were, on the whole, more expensive than English moors, not because the shooting was really any better, but just because they were in Scotland: you paid a bit for the glamour of the Highlands.) It did not hold good, in my experience, for moors of 500 brace and under. These generally worked out at a bit more than one pound a brace. The rent was, of course, by no means the end of the tenant's outgoings. It used to be said that for a ten-weeks stay on a moor in Scotland the tenant needed his rent again. I do not think that there was much exaggeration in that. Only the wealthy could rent a moor.

Those days have gone, and gone forever. The war and the level of taxation have killed effectively grouse shooting on the grand scale. Grouse shooting was a great economic asset to a section of the Scottish people (it was never an economic asset in the same way to the North of England or to North Wales), and from that point of view the death of grouse shooting on the grand scale is perhaps a pity. But from every other point of view it is a good thing.

Grouse shooting had become altogether too artificial. And I believe that this artificiality would before very long have killed it on the grand scale as surely as the war and increased taxation have done. There were all the signs in 1939. The trouble lay in numbers. The more grouse on the moor, the bigger the rent obtained. Obviously moors were managed to produce the greatest possible head of grouse. Systematic heather-burning and drainage gave better conditions, and every possible predator was killed by the keepers. The result was that the ground carried a far greater number of birds than it would have done under natural conditions and a far greater number than it could support in good health. The result was a sharp increase in the incidence of grouse disease. That this was due to artificial conditions and too many birds on the ground was usually strenuously denied by shooting men. But the fact is that grouse disease did increase in frequency with the spread of artificial conditions. There is no getting away from that.

No longer is it possible to impose wholly artificial conditions on a moor. There is not now the labour, let alone the money, available for systematic heather-burning and drainage. There are no longer the keepers available for really thorough and systematic destruction of predators. And, with fewer wealthy men to rent the moors, the sheep are returning. From the point of view of the grouse as a wild bird all this is a very good thing.

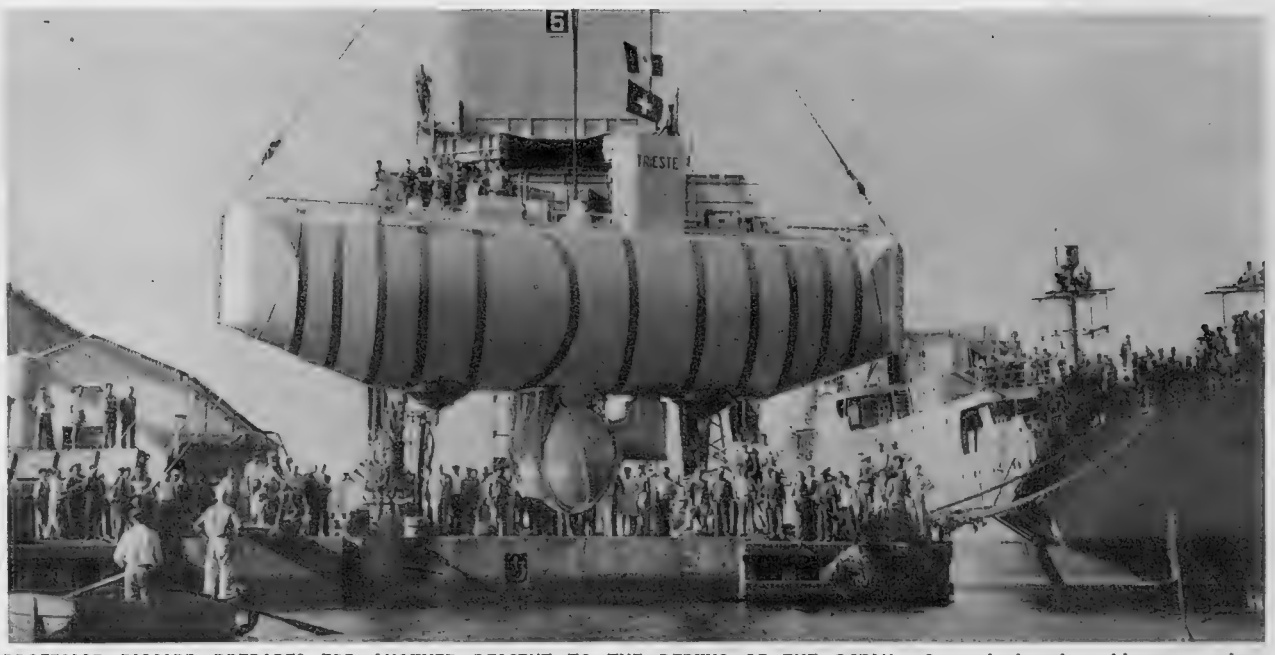
Grouse shooting on the grand scale has gone, and I think gone forever. But the shooting of grouse remains, and will always remain, a sport beyond compare. This is not because the red grouse is an especially difficult bird. So much has been written about grouse shooting, and in praise of the grouse as a game bird, that many people take it for granted that it is the most difficult of all of them. True, the driven grouse offers a target sufficiently difficult for any man. But he is certainly easier to hit than a driven partridge. A really high pheasant is, I think, more difficult. That most disappointing of game birds, the blackcock, is a good deal faster. Yet the red grouse remains the game bird beyond compare. For it is a bird of wild and lonely and beautiful places. You can only shoot the red grouse across the purple heather.

UNDER THE OCEAN

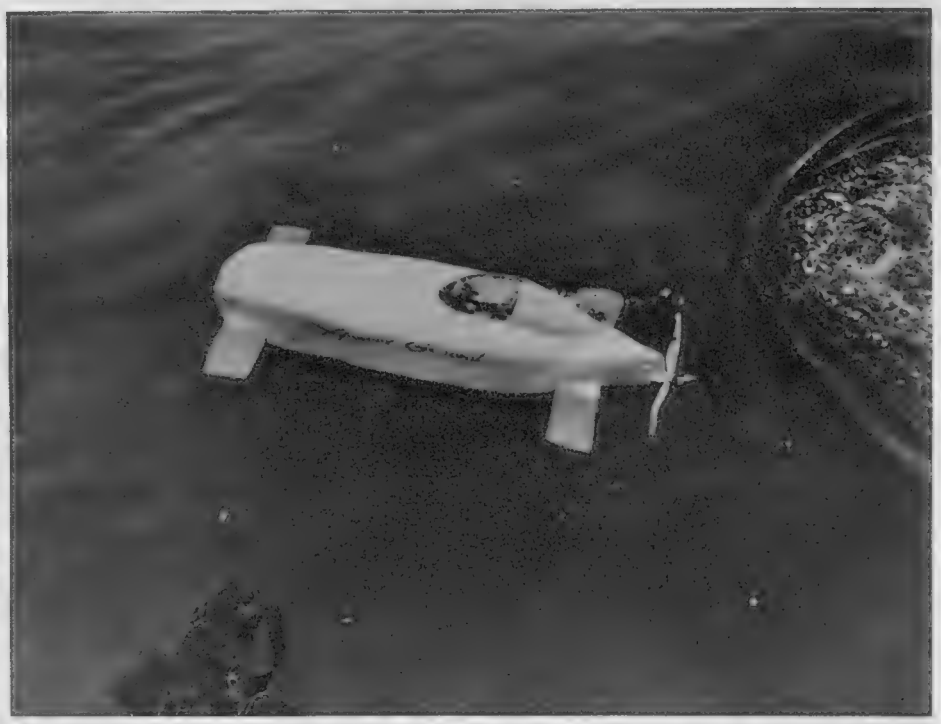
Some Recent Inventions which will Revolutionize Under-water Exploration and Travel

Professor August Piccard, who is as well known for his ascents into the stratosphere as for his descents into the depths of the ocean, has been a world figure since 1931. His ascents by balloon into the stratosphere to investigate cosmic rays had a full measure of publicity in 1931, 1932 and 1934, and his flowing locks and professorial appearance at once captured the public imagination. After the war the Professor turned his attention from the stratosphere to the ocean depths, and in 1947, in his self-designed "Bathyscaphe," he attempted a descent of 13,000 ft. of the Gulf of Guinea. Aided by his assistant, Dr. Max Cosyns, he descended to a depth of 2¼ miles, bringing back much valuable information about the life and conditions existing at that depth and also information about the disintegration of sunlight at great depths. The professor has always had an especial interest in the radiation and disintegration of cosmic rays and sunlight, and it was to further his knowledge in this field that he made his balloon flights in the '30's.

Professor Piccard's latest diving machine is much more ambitious than that built for the 1947 adventure. It consists of two main parts: a cigar-shaped structure of water-tight compartments containing a special liquid, which, working on hydro-static principles, will enable the "Bathysphere" to return to the surface after its dive. Underneath this is the observation sphere in which the scientist and his son, who is accompanying him on this occasion, will take their place to observe the ocean. The "Bathysphere" has been called "Trieste" by the Professor as a sign of gratitude for the building of the upper part of the "Bathysphere" at the nearby Monfalcone yards. The observation sphere was built at Terni, near Rome.



PROFESSOR PICCARD PREPARES FOR ANOTHER DESCENT TO THE DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN: Seen during launching operations at Castellamare di Stabia, Italy, is the Professor's latest "Bathysphere." In it he hopes to explore the depths of the Tyrrhenean Sea and to set up another record dive of 13,000 ft. The spherical-shaped structure slung underneath the main body of the "Bathysphere" is where Professor Piccard will sit to make his under-water observations.



THE MINI-SUB SHOWS ITS PACES: One of America's latest under-water inventions is seen during tests held in the Pacific Ocean. *On left*—The Mini-Sub on dry land. Beside it is standing the inventor, Mr. C. A. Gongwer, who is giving last-minute instructions to the test pilot, Harold F. Osborn, before he takes the submarine on its first trial. The craft, which is equipped with bicycle pedals and a half-horse-power engine, is 8 ft. 6 ins. long, 22 ins. wide, and weighs 145 lb. It is operated from a sitting position with a "joystick" control and can cruise at 5 m.p.h. on foot power and at 8 m.p.h. when the motor is operating. Both the Mini-Sub and the "Aquaped" (below on left) were developed by the Aero-jet General Corporation and are designed to aid in under-water exploration.

THE "AQUAPED" MAKES ITS DEBUT: Harold Osborn is seen holding aloft the device which enables a swimmer to double his under-the-water speed. *On right*—The "Aquaped" in action. It consists of a long rod with pedals which is strapped to the body of the swimmer, who wears an aqualung.

A HELPING HAND FOR MIDGET SUBMARINES—A VISION OF THE NEAR FUTURE: An artist's impression of the latest strategy to be planned in America. The midget submarine would be carried by an outsize helicopter to land-locked enemy seas and lakes to wreak havoc among enemy installations. It is considered that the crews of the submarines will have a survival rate as high as that for ordinary submarines. The tiny craft will weigh only 25 tons—less than the weight of the *Queen Mary's* anchors—and will measure less than 40 ft. from stem to stern. There will be no superstructure as on standard submarines. The crew will consist of four frogmen and the principal armament will be mines, some of them atomic and equipped with time fuses, which would be attached to the hulls of ships by the frogmen.

THE HELIPORT

A New Development in Air Travel: Helicopter Landing-grounds in Belgium and the United States

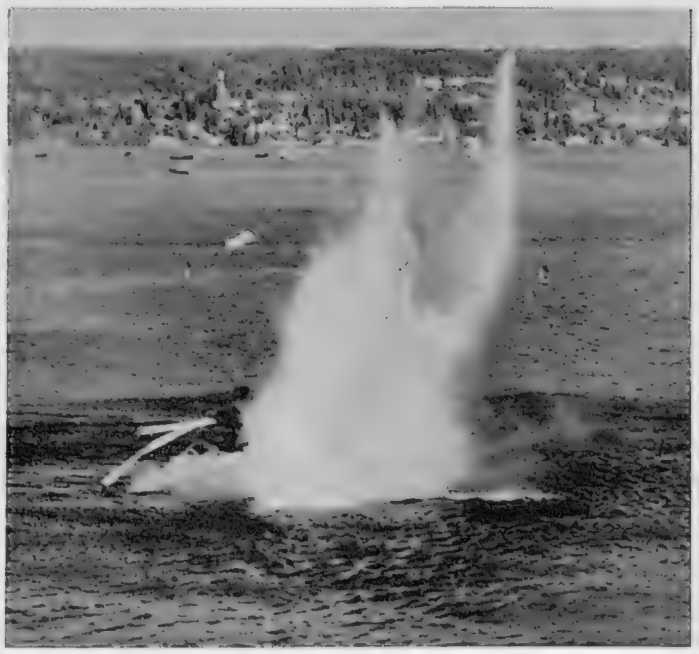
BRUSSELS-ANTWERP-ROTTERDAM BY HELICOPTER: A Sikorsky S 55 lands at the Rotterdam Heliport at Katshoek, near the Town Hall, after completing the first flight on the new Brussels to Rotterdam service.

BELGIUM'S FIRST HELIPORT: This latest development in airports has been built on the site of the oldest railway station in Europe, which was opened nearly 120 years ago. The first flights from the Allee Verte, in Brussels, will carry postal and cargo freight, but next month Sabena Air Lines will operate a passenger service three times daily in each direction between Brussels, Antwerp and Rotterdam. Later, the flights will be extended to Liége and Maastricht and then to Lille, Cologne and Bonn to provide the first international helicopter service. Official guests who were on the inaugural flight in Bell 47 D.1 and Sikorsky S 55 helicopters included the Belgian Minister of Transport, M. Segers; the Burgomaster of Brussels, Baron van de Meulenbroeck, and Mr. Igor Sikorsky, the helicopter designer. They were welcomed at Rotterdam by the Deputy Burgomaster and the Dutch Minister of Transport.

A HELIPORT IN NEW YORK: This is one of two small helicopter landing-platforms, built for the Air Arm of the New York Police Department and the Coast Guard. The Port Authority has a third miniature landing-place on the roof of its H.Q. in 8th Avenue. There has been much discussion concerning helicopter travel between airports, and a regular service is already in existence. As yet there is no passenger heliport in Manhattan, but it has been suggested that the roof of the Post Office Building might be a suitable location.

On right—

A HELICOPTER CRASHES: Pieces of the rotor blades fly through the air as this helicopter hits the water during a U.S. naval display in Seattle. The crew were rescued unhurt by another helicopter and a crash boat.



COMMUTING BY HELICOPTER: Philip Armour, Junior, a sales representative for the company which makes the Hiller 12-B, known as the "Eggbeater," uses the roof of the merchandise market in Chicago to demonstrate his craft. Said to be the first civilian helicopter to be produced since the beginning of the war in Korea, it sells for under £13,000. Notable are the landing-runners which replace landing-wheels. Mr. Armour also uses his helicopter for travelling to the office from his home in a Chicago suburb. He has leased 2,000 square feet of the roof of the merchandise market.

A SURVEY OF THE HOME NEWS

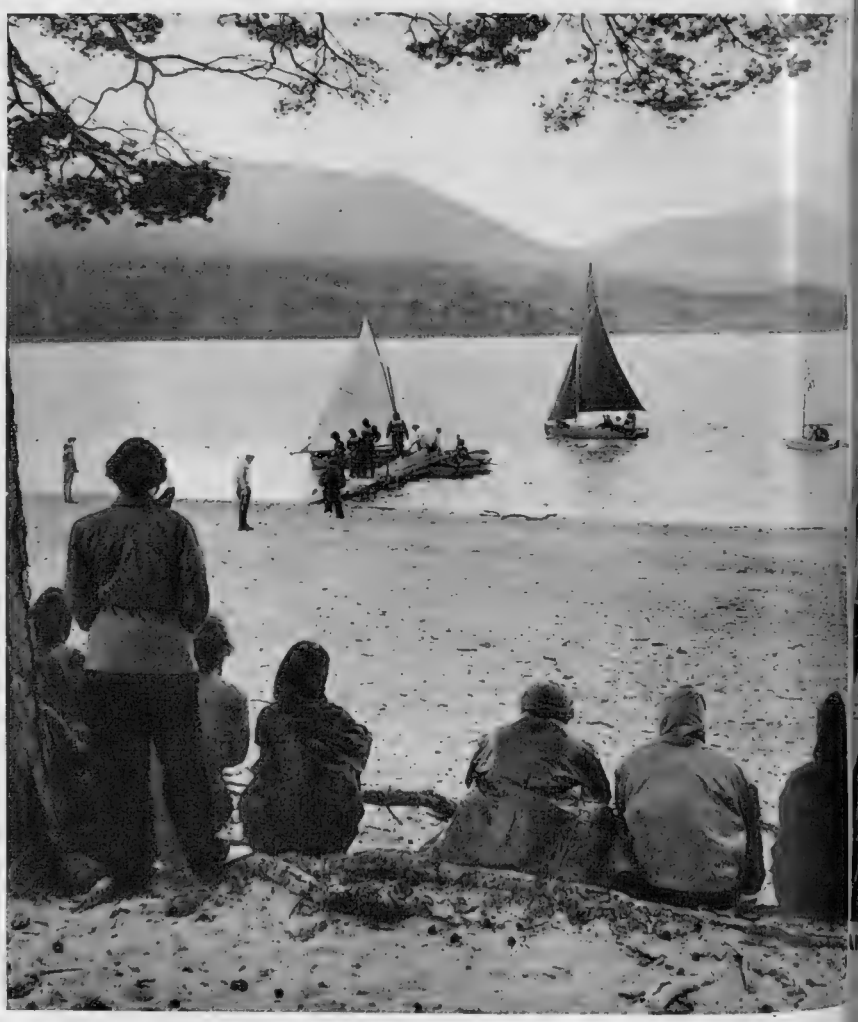
An American Choir at St. Paul's; The New Commissioner of Police; A Unique Method of Water Travel; A Sailing School in Scotland; A Voyage Round the World and Other Home News Events

AN AMERICAN CHOIR SINGS IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL : Mr. George Strickling is seen conducting the A Capella Choir of Cleveland Heights High School, Ohio, during a recital in the Cathedral just after the August Bank Holiday. Mr. Strickling is the School's musical director. The programme given by the choir was a varied selection of religious music. In September the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral will be singing in America at the invitation of a committee led by Mr. Justice Roberts. The visit to the U.S. is in connection with the arrangements which are being made for the American Chapel in the Cathedral.

THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE—SIR JOHN NOTT-BOWER IN CEREMONIAL UNIFORM : Sir John Nott-Bower, who took up his new appointment on August 13, succeeded Sir Harold Scott, who held the post from 1945. The new Commissioner is sixty-one and had been Deputy Commissioner since 1946, having joined the Metropolitan Police as a Chief Constable in 1933. In this way he becomes the first member of the Metropolitan Police Force to be nominated Commissioner. He is the son of the late Sir William Nott-Bower, who was Commissioner of Police in the City of London from 1902 to 1925. Sir John served in the Indian Police from 1911 to 1933 and in 1931 was awarded the King's Police Medal for gallantry against terrorists.

LIMBERING-UP FOR A STROLL ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL : Alexsandra Wozniak, a Polish-born engineer who lives at Stapleford, in Nottinghamshire, is seen during a training "walk" on the River Thames in the vicinity of Tower Bridge. He is wearing water skis which he has designed himself and in which he hopes to cross the Channel. Each of the skis is a miniature boat, equipped with keel and measuring 8 ft. from stem to stern. Mr. Wozniak propels himself through the water by the aid of two ski poles which have large cork floats at the end.

A SAILING SCHOOL ON A SCOTTISH LOCH : An instructor, Richard Duff, is showing the "starboard watch" how to manipulate a sail. The pupils are some of the forty who are attending the course which is being held on Loch Morlich, in Inverness-shire, and who are divided into different "watches," each with an instructor.



PUTTING THEORY INTO PRACTICE ON LOCH MORLICH : The students have attended lectures on the art of sailing and are now doing some practical work. One "watch" is sitting on the shore of the loch awaiting their turn to sail. This sailing course is being sponsored by the Scottish Council of Physical Recreation.

A DEMONSTRATION OF OLD-TIME WEAPONS AT THE SCHOOL OF INFANTRY, HYTHE: Instructors of the school parading in period costumes before the public demonstration was given. Despite the rain which fell soon after the opening of the show, a large number of people congregated on the lawns in front of the old barracks at the school and saw instructors, clad in the appropriate uniforms, tell the story of the development of the British Army's rifle. The weapons demonstrated ranged from the cumbersome muzzle-loading musket of the seventeenth century to the ·28 automatic loading rifle.

On left—

THEIR SUNDAY SCHOOL IS THE VILLAGE PUB: Children of Alswear, in Devonshire, are seen standing outside their Sunday school, which is the village pub. Alswear, whose population is 100, had no accommodation for a Sunday school until the proprietor allowed classes to be held on his premises.

TWO MEN, ONE WOMAN AND A DOG SAIL ROUND THE WORLD: On board the yacht *O Moo* are M. and Madame Vandewiele, who, with a friend, M. F. Debels, and their dog Tallow, sailed round the world. The yacht is seen after leaving the Isle of Wight for the last stage of the journey across to Belgium. The 32,000-mile voyage took two years to complete and in the Pacific and Indian Oceans the *O Moo* met with some severe gales, but the greatest ordeals for the crew were the long periods of calm in the Java Sea and near the Azores. On their arrival at Zeebrugge, in Belgium, M. and Madame Vandewiele and M. Debels were greeted by ships of the Belgian Navy. The venture was planned by the two men when they were schoolboys and the 45-ft. yacht was designed by M. Vandewiele.

UNUSUAL VIEW OF THE FORTH BRIDGE—LOOKING DOWN FROM ONE OF THE GREAT CANTILEVERS AT A TRAIN PASSING BELOW: The Forth Bridge, built in the '80's, brought to an end the long detour that had to be made by the railways towards the west and marked an epoch in the history of bridge-building. Work has not yet started on the planned Forth Road Bridge, and there has been some criticism by the Fife County Council, who have condemned the attitude of the post-war Governments in delaying the construction of this bridge, which, they said, would be vital not only to Scotland, but to Great Britain as a whole.

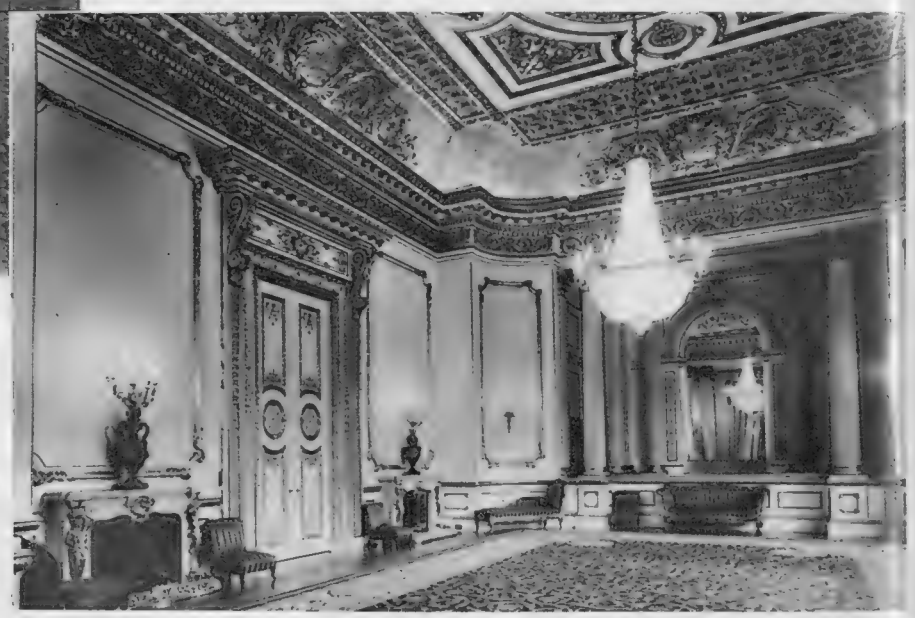
WORK BEGINS ON THE RESTORATION OF THE BOMB-DAMAGED ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL OF SOUTHWARK: The Roman Catholic Bishop of the Diocese, Mgr. Cyril Cowderoy, inaugurates the work by officiating at Mass at a temporary altar in the ruins of the Sanctuary. Later he dug a basketful of earth from the base of a column in the Nave. The Cathedral, designed by Pugin and completed in 1848, was destroyed by fire-bombs in 1941. The work of reconstruction, which is expected to take five years, will cost £100,000 in addition to the war damage award of £198,000.

LANCASTER HOUSE REGAINS ITS FORMER GLORY

The Celebrated Building, Now Used for Government Hospitality and International Conferences, is Restored and Redecorated, being Transformed into One of the Most Magnificent Period Houses in London

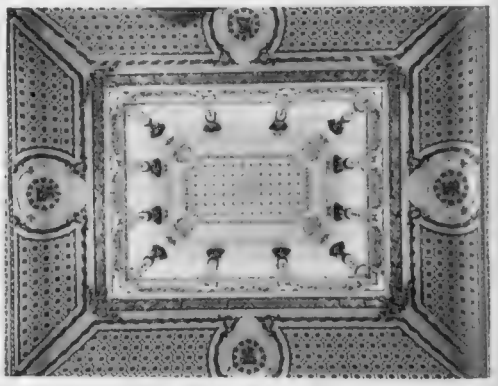
THE STAIRCASE HALL OF THE RESTORED AND REDECORATED LANCASTER HOUSE: The building was badly damaged in the war and restoration was long overdue. It is held on lease from the Commissioner of Crown Lands by the Ministry of Works and has been restored to its former splendour by the Ministry, who took the opportunity to install many modern appliances. The work of restoration cost £140,000. Lancaster House is now used for Government hospitality and important international conferences, the Government having bought the building in 1827.

THE GREEN ROOM WHERE THE DAMASK LINING HAS BEEN DRY-CLEANED: The fireplace in this room is particularly interesting and, like most of the others in the house, it is of marble, with applied ornaments and figures.



THE ORNATE MUSIC ROOM: The chandelier was made specially to the design of the Ministry of Works.

THE RESTORED LONG GALLERY WHERE THE QUEEN WAS ENTERTAINED BY THE GOVERNMENT SHORTLY AFTER HER CORONATION IN JUNE: The restoration in this part of the house was completed in time for the occasion.



THE HUGE LANTERN LIGHT OVER THE MAIN STAIRCASE: This was in a very dangerous condition, but has been supported with steel.

Lancaster House, famous in the reign of Queen Victoria as the home of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland and the scene of lavish hospitality, has been restored and redecorated by the Ministry of Works following severe wartime damage. The north-west wing has been rebuilt and the rest of the house has been redecorated to its former splendour, making it fit in every way to house the most important Government receptions and conferences in a manner becoming to the nation. At the same time, the Ministry took the opportunity to renew the electrical wiring, to install concealed amplifying facilities and to replace the heating system with concealed heating installations.

War damage repairs began in 1950 when the external walls were rebuilt in stock brickwork faced with Clipsham stone to match the existing work. Inside, where the principal rooms on the ground and first floors are heavily ornamented in gilded carton pierre, the gilding has been cleaned or renewed, while in places the silk damask has been replaced with specially woven cotton damask. In two rooms the walls are covered with a specially-made wallpaper. This was produced from blocks which were made and first used at the time when Lancaster House was built. The furniture has been refurbished in the style of the early nineteenth century.

Lancaster House, comparatively plain externally, depending for its effect on a sense of proportion and the emphasis given to the piano nobile by columns and pilasters, was begun in 1825 by Benjamin Wyatt for Frederick, Duke of York, the second son of George III. Shortly after the Duke's death in 1827 the unfinished building was bought by the Government and a Crown lease for 99 years was granted to the second Duke of Sutherland. Later, when the house was completed, it was renamed Stafford House and remained as such until 1912, when Sir William Lever (later Viscount Leverhulme) acquired both the house and the remainder of the Crown lease. He assigned it to the Commissioner of Works in 1913 for the use of the London Museum and Government hospitality. It was then that the building assumed its present name in honour of the King's title of "Duke of Lancaster" and of Lord Leverhulme's native county.

QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER RECEIVES A ROYAL SALUTE FROM THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE QUEEN'S OWN CAMERON HIGHLANDERS OUTSIDE THE TOWN HOUSE AT INVERNESS, WHEN SHE ARRIVED TO RECEIVE THE FREEDOM OF THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT BURGH. The Queen Mother, after staying a night at Eskadale with Lord and Lady Lovat, drove to Inverness, where she was met at the Burgh boundary by the Lord Lieutenant of the County, Lord Macdonald; the G.O.C.-in-C., Scottish Command, Lieut.-General Sir Colin Barber; and the Colonel of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, Major-General D. N. Wimberley. The party then drove to the Town House, where leading citizens were presented to her.

The QUEEN MOTHER RECEIVES THE FREEDOM OF INVERNESS

A HISTORIC CEREMONY IN THE HIGHLAND CAPITAL

In 1929, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother made her first official visit to Inverness, when King George VI, then Duke of York, received the Freedom of the Royal Burgh. Last week, Her Majesty returned to receive the burgess ticket which admitted her to the Freedom of the Highland capital. Queen Elizabeth mentioned the first occasion in her speech which followed the ceremony, when she spoke of the pleasure with which the late King recalled that he bore the proud title of Earl of Inverness. "I have always felt," Her Majesty went on, "that there is something about Inverness which stirs the imagination of all Scottish people. In its proud position astride its river, it holds the key to the Highlands of Scotland, and the history of this country is closely woven into its fabric." The ceremony took place in the Playhouse Cinema, which had been specially decorated for the occasion. Provost Grigor placed the burgess ring on the Queen's finger and presented her with the burgess ticket and, as a memento, a 14-in.-square silver salver bearing the burgh coat of arms. The Freedom, Provost Grigor had said, was conferred upon her "in recognition of a life devoted to the service of the nation and of the Commonwealth and Empire, and as an expression of the loyalty and affection which the Highlands and their capital have always felt for all members of the Royal Family." Later, the Queen Mother attended an official luncheon at the Caledonian Hotel, and was present at the ceremony at Bught Park of conferring the Freedom of the Burgh upon the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders.

THE QUEEN MOTHER RECEIVES THE FREEDOM OF INVERNESS: Provost J. M. Grigor places the burgess ring (a plain broad band of gold) on the index finger of the right hand of the Queen Mother during the ceremony at the Playhouse Cinema in Inverness. Queen Elizabeth was then presented with the burgess ticket which admitted and received Her Majesty as a Burgess "with all the rights, privileges and immunities belonging to a Burgess of the City and Royal Burgh."

DUBLIN HORSE SHOW

A WEDDING AT THE TOWER; MR. EDEN CONTINUES HIS TRAVELS; THE ROYAL SCOT IN TROUBLE

THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL JUMPING COMPETITION AT THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY'S HORSE SHOW AT BALLS BRIDGE : Mr. P. Robeson is seen during the event, which was won by Captain Lefrant, of France. The Dublin Horse Show drew record crowds and, as usual, the large programme went off smoothly. A popular win was recorded on the last day when Captain M. G. Tubridy on Ballynonty won the Irish Challenge Trophy, with the only faultless round.

On left—

GREAT BRITAIN WINS THE AGA KHAN'S CUP FOR THE THIRD YEAR IN SUCCESSION. Left to right are Mr. W. H. White on Nizefella ; Mr. W. K. Hanson on The Monarch ; Mr. P. Robeson on Craven A ; and Lieut.-Colonel H. M. Llewellyn on Foxhunter. The British team's success is unprecedented in international jumping. Last year there was no competition owing to the Olympic Games; we won in 1950 and 1951. The British team's total faults were 25½. France was second with 39 faults and Ireland third.

FRANCE WINS THE INTERNATIONAL JUMPING COMPETITION AT THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW : Captain L[efrant on] Ali Baba leads Lieut.-Colonel H. M. Llew[ellyn on] Foxhunter round the ring after defeating th[e famous] British pair by only three-fifths of a sec[ond. An] exciting start to the Royal Dublin Societ[y's Horse] Show was provided by the first internatio[nal jump]ing competition when the French horse, Ali Baba (a gold medallist at last year's Olympic [Games at] Helsinki), ridden by Captain Lefrant, [narrowly] defeated Lieut.-Colonel Llewellyn on Foxhun[ter in the] jump-off. Revenge was to come later when the two horses were in their country's teams for the Aga Khan Cup, which was won again by Great Britain.

A FORTUNATE ESCAPE IN LAST WEEK-END'S RAILWAY CRASH IN LANARKSHIRE : One of the three coaches of the Royal Scot lying on its side after the derailment of the celebrated train near Abington, 44 miles south of Glasgow. Other coaches were derailed and telescoped, but fortunately only twenty-nine passengers were injured, none of them seriously. This is believed to be due to the fact that the coaches toppled over on the corridor side. More than 300 yards of track were ripped up and the main line was blocked for a day. The front portion of the train, however, was able to continue its journey to Glasgow. A possible cause of the derailment was the buckling of the rails after exceptionally hot weather.

A SURVIVOR OF THE CONVAIR B 36 BOMBER CRASH COMES ASHORE AFTER A GRUELLING ORDEAL : Staff/Sergeant Roy Spears is helped down the gangway of the *Manchester Shipper*, which picked him up. He is one of the four survivors of the American atom bomber which crashed into the North Atlantic. Staff/Sergeant Spears, who is suffering from head and leg injuries, spent ten hours in a one-man dinghy and another hour in a lifeboat dropped by a search plane before he was rescued. The other three survivors were also rescued by the *Manchester Shipper*.

On left—

AN AUGUST WEDDING AT THE TOWER OF LONDON: Viscount Alanbrooke, Constable of the Tower, accompanies his daughter, Kathleen Benita Brooke, from Governor's House to the Chapel Royal of the Tower of London for her marriage with Lieutenant Robert O. V. Stoney, R.N., eldest son of the late Mr. R. V. Stoney, and of Mrs. Stoney, of Rosturk, Westport, Eire. Yeomen Warders provided an escort for the short walk to the Chapel and later acted as a guard of honour when the bride and bridegroom left the Chapel for the reception in the Tower grounds. The marriage was solemnised by the Rev. R. M. La Porte-Payne, Chaplain of the Tower. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by two bridesmaids, Miss Phoebe Stoney and Miss Benita Wormald, and two child attendants, Alastair Macdonald and Theffania Stoney. The best man was Mr. Myles Stoney.

Below—

A HELPING HAND FOR THE BRIDE'S TRAIN AS THE BRIDAL COUPLE LEAVE THE CHAPEL ROYAL OF ST. PETER AD VINCULA: The ancient and picturesque setting of the wedding last week-end in the heart of London was enhanced by the brilliant sunshine. The honeymoon of Lieutenant Stoney and his bride is being spent in Ireland.

MR. EDEN FLIES TO A CONVALESCENT HOLIDAY ON THE RIVIERA: The Foreign Secretary boards a plane at London Airport on his way to Nice, where, with Mrs. Eden, he was welcomed by the British Ambassador in Paris. Mr. and Mrs. Eden started their holiday by spending a week at Cap d'Antibes as the guests of Lord Warwick. Later they will leave for Athens in the dispatch vessel *Surprise*, in which the Queen carried out her review of the Fleet at Spithead. Mr. and Mrs. Eden are to cruise among the Greek islands.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON PAYS A VISIT TO THE EAST COAST TO SEE THE PROGRESS WHICH IS BEING MADE IN THE REHABILITATION WORK IN THE NORFOLK FLOOD AREAS: Sir Rupert De la Bère shakes hands with Miss M. Lee, a nursing superintendent, during his visit to see the sea defences at Wells, in Norfolk. The Lord Mayor, who organised the National Flood Relief Fund after the tragic disaster earlier this year, has taken a keen interest in the rehabilitation work in all the stricken areas. During his tour of the Norfolk coast, Sir Rupert, who was accompanied by his wife, stayed at Sennowe Park, the home of Sir Thomas and Lady Cook.

MUCH ADO ABOUT THE A.A.

Increased Membership of the Automobile Association is, at least, One Answer to the Critics at the Annual Meeting; "Goldie" Gardner Plans An Attack on International Records

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

TWO facts stand out above the turmoil of the recent annual meeting of the Automobile Association. One was the receipt of a telegram from the Duke of Edinburgh, president of the Association, regretting his inability to be present and congratulating the A.A. on "an excellent year's work."

The other was the remark by Lord Teynham, the new chairman, that he would not have accepted the invitation to take on that office unless he was fully convinced that "everything was in order."

The Duke is a shrewd young man who takes his A.A. presidency seriously, and he would not have sent that wire had he not satisfied himself that recent allegations against the A.A. administration were a storm in a teacup. And Lord Teynham, Deputy Speaker of the House of Lords, can be expected to take equal care not to have his name associated with anything shady.

The critics who took up the attack at the annual meeting behaved more like Hyde Park tub-thumpers than motorists genuinely concerned about the management of the A.A. The meeting became quite rowdy at times, but Lord Teynham remained imperturbable—to the obvious annoyance of the hecklers.

If certain committee members and senior officials *have*, in fact, been spending more than they need on hospitality on certain occasions—and a special committee of inquiry decided they had done no such thing—there is no question of dishonesty involved.

And the rank-and-file member of the A.A. who uncomplainingly pays his two guineas a year can rest assured that any tendency towards extravagance in any branch of the Association's administration would be immediately checked by a committee very much alive to the need for vigilance in such matters.

Perhaps the most impressive proof that the ordinary motorist is not unduly disturbed by the recent criticisms of the A.A. is the fact that by the date of the annual meeting the membership of the Association had risen to the record figure of 1,318,830, which is 105,748 more than twelve months ago.

During the year the Association's free breakdown service was given to more than 117,000 members, and it helped 30,000 members with free legal defence, 70,000 with free legal advice, 750,000 with route guidance and 49,000 with foreign travel documents and reservations on ship or plane.

Lieut.-Colonel A. T. ("Goldie") Gardner is getting restive again. Seems to think it 's about time he made some more high-speed runs along the fine Belgian motor road at Jabbeke, near Ostend.

So he is planning to take his famous M.G. over there next month to have a crack at a couple of international records at present held by Piero Taruffi, the Italian racing motorist. Taruffi captured these records from the Colonel, who is determined to get them back. They are the Class E (two-litre) records for the flying kilometre (185.41 m.p.h.) and the flying mile (185.3).

Colonel Gardner's car will be powered by a supercharged 1,517 c.c. unit specially bored out but which is fundamentally the engine used in the standard M.G. Midget sports car.

This mention of a Nuffield product is a good enough cue for me to refer once more to one of my favourite cars, which is also one of the best vehicles that have ever come out of Cowley. Yes, I am speaking of the Morris Minor, one of which I borrowed to do a longish run the other day, and which gave me no reason at all to revise the high opinion I have always held for this fine little car.

I should think it is one of the safest cars on the roads of Britain today, with steering, suspension and brakes combining to give the driver—male or female—a feeling of complete mastery. The Minor holds the road so well and gives such a feeling of confidence and security that when it used to have the 918 c.c. side-valve engine some people said—quite unfairly, in my opinion—that it was under-powered.

Well, it 's got a livelier engine now—the 803 c.c. overhead-valve unit designed for the Austin Seven — and I hope those friendly critics are happy. It certainly accelerates better and has a higher cruising speed, but somehow or other I still hanker after the less spectacular side-valve job, which over the years has taken me on a number of long, difficult and trouble-free runs.

The four-door Minor saloon costs £405, or £574 17s. 6d. when tax is added, and I don't think there is better value anywhere in the world.

Minors are still selling well overseas and helped to swell Britain's June export figures, which totalled 30,077 out of 57,535 cars built. This high-production rate saw a welcome continuation of the "one car every 15 seconds" output recorded in May.

The Society of Motor Manufacturers, by the way, have announced that in the first six months of 1953 the U.S. and Canada continued to be our best overseas car markets, taking between them 38,374 British cars. These North American sales earned Britain 44,000,000 dollars—nearly twice as many as we received from car sales in these two countries in the first half of 1952.

There 's still a great deal of talk about the great Road Slaughter, but still very little action. Most dispassionate critics will agree that the Government is merely nibbling at the problem. Look at the Transport Minister's disappointing Commons statement a short time ago, for instance.

In that speech, Mr. Lennox-Boyd made no attempt to gloss over the gravity of this national scourge, but he had alarmingly little news to give of what the Government are doing about it. The most positive thing he had to say was that it will soon be compulsory to have two efficient brakes on every bicycle, of whatever age.

Other than that it was a case of "wondering if crash-hats should be made compulsory for motor-cyclists"; "considering whether to ask Parliament for powers to make it compulsory for pedestrians to use zebra crossings"; and "being anxious to have a large-scale experiment in the use of underground car parks for London."

There are many of us who believe that the greatest single contribution that any Government can make to road safety is to modernise the country's road system. What did the Minister have to say on this point? I quote *The Times* report: "About 80 per cent. of all accidents still occurred in built-up areas. It looked as if the best way to act was not to have an ambitious road programme—which might be justified on other grounds—but to deal with the thousands of black spots all over the country."

Surely to goodness there would be fewer accidents in built-up areas if there were proper motor-ways to carry the through traffic that now has to grind its way through congested built-up areas it would avoid at all costs if it had the chance?

I, personally, am in agreement with the M.P. who said Britain had reached the point where the cost of new roads was less than the loss in efficiency which we were incurring by not building them. As the *Daily Mail* pointed out in a leader the day after the Commons debate, 1,000 miles of twin-track motor roads, with modern fly-over crossings, would cost £150,000,000, which is what the country is paying *every year* as the price of road accidents.

If the Government really can't afford to devote to the roads a reasonable proportion of the £360,000,000 which motorists will contribute to the Exchequer this year in motoring taxes of various kinds, why don't they adopt the idea put forward by the motoring organisations and launch a big public loan such as was done for the railways last year?

The £40 travel allowance means a pretty tight budget for a two-weeks holiday in France, even when you add the £20 extra for your car, for if you go to the trouble and expense of taking your car over at all, you want to go farther afield than the Channel coast—and petrol costs the earth over there. It can be extremely awkward, to say the least, if you get landed with a big repair bill, and that is why some of the major British car firms, including the Rootes Group, introduced a pay-in-sterling voucher repair scheme which many motorists have found extremely useful.

You buy a book of vouchers—for sterling, in England—which can be tendered in payment for repair bills at any of a large number of Rootes agents on the Continent. Your money is refunded if you bring any coupons back. It is customer service of this kind which enables a firm to retain the loyalty of the motorists who buy the same make of car time after time.

In these days when—as someone pointed out on T.V. some time ago—there seems to be a conspiracy between car manufacturers and the garage people to prevent motorists servicing their own cars, one is apt to forget those little attentions which make all the difference to the cost of motoring and the reliability of the family jalopy.

Tyres, for instance. When did *you* last get your tyres changed round? It 's well worth doing, you know, every few thousand miles, to equalise wear and prolong the life of your covers. And don't forget, this hot (?) weather, to keep your battery topped-up.

THE A.A. GO TO THE SERVICE OF THE HOLIDAY-MAKER: These are some of the Automobile Association patrols which are in service along the main roads leading to holiday resorts, where traffic is heaviest.

TWO MEN WERE SERIOUSLY INJURED WHEN THIS CAR CRASHED INTO A CONCRETE TELEGRAPH POLE IN NEW ZEALAND: The accident took place in Wellington, and the force of the impact caused the pole to be thrown across the roof of the car.

MASS DESTRUCTION AT DETROIT, THE HEART OF THE AMERICAN CAR INDUSTRY: This was the scene in the Michigan city as forty-two second-hand cars, condemned by local car dealers for further use, were piled up ready for demolition. Shortly after this picture was taken the cars were burned. The money raised from the sale of scrap is being donated to the police.

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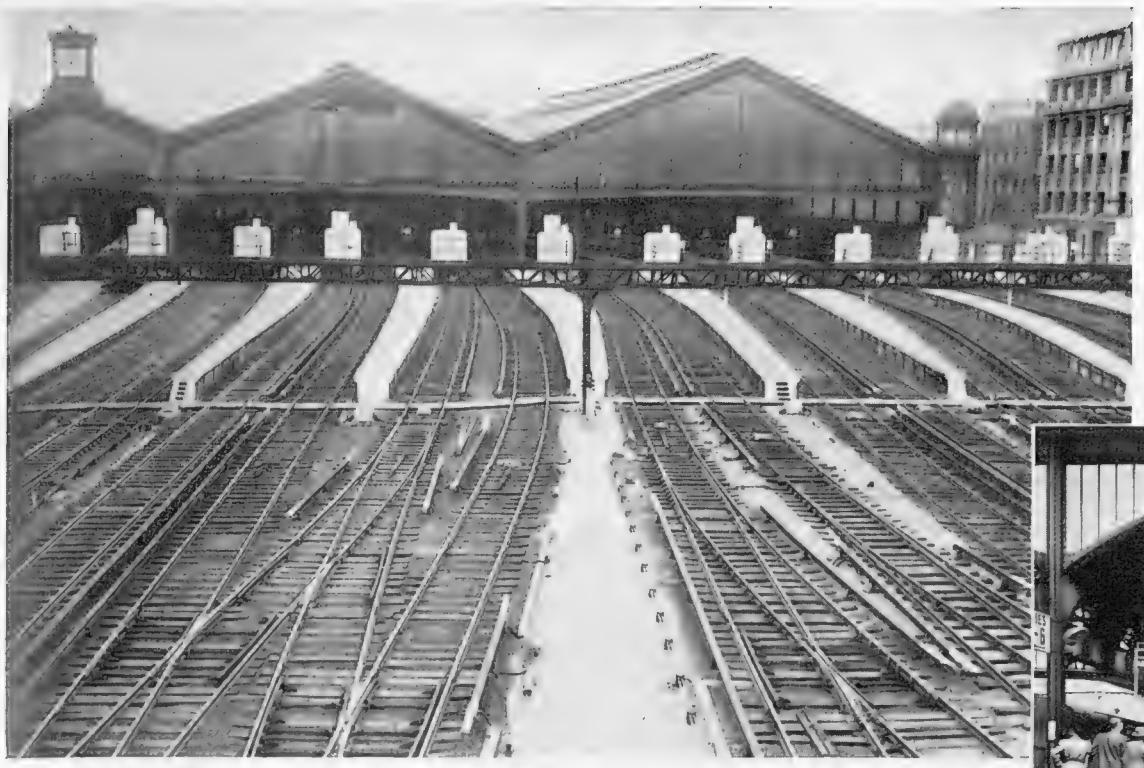
CHAOS IN FRANCE

A Whole Nation is Affected by a Twenty-four-Hour Strike which Involved More than Two Million State Employees



THE DESERTED SCENE AT THE GARE ST. LAZARE, IN PARIS, AS RAILWAY WORKERS JOINED IN THE FRENCH GENERAL STRIKE: It was the part played in the strike by the railway workers that did so much to disrupt cross-Channel communications. The travellers who were stranded in France found that they could not get a hot meal as the electricity and gas supplies were cut.

TRAVELLERS WAIT, IN VAIN, FOR THEIR TRAIN TO DEPART AT THE GARE DE L'EST: Among the many English tourists affected by the strike were over 900 pilgrims from the Birmingham area.

A SIGN SAYS "ENTER SLOWLY," BUT THESE WOULD-BE TRAVELLERS COULD NOT ENTER AT ALL: Scenes such as this one outside the Gare St. Austerlitz were common throughout France during the twenty-four hours of the general strike, which was backed by Catholic, Socialist and Communist unions, although the Communists for once were not responsible for the strike.

TELEPHONE WORKERS STANDING AROUND OUTSIDE THE "ARCHIVES" TELEPHONE EXCHANGE IN PARIS: The Post Office workers were the first to go on strike, and the French Government quickly brought in emergency measures to requisition the staff necessary to maintain the most important of the trunk services.

A TYPICAL WEEK-END SCENE IN PARIS: Among the millions of workers who went on strike were the municipal street cleaners, and, to add to the many discomforts brought about through the strike, the citizens of Paris had to endure these malodorous mounds of rubbish in their streets.

A "LIFT" WAS THE ORDER OF THE DAY DURING THE GENERAL STRIKE: In the absence of public transport, Parisians were dependent on help given by private motorists, who are reported to have responded nobly in this respect. In England, motorists who had booked crossings for the week-end were warned by the Royal Automobile Club of the difficulties that lay ahead for them.

Probably the most remarkable aspect of the French general strike was the fact that it was not started by the Communist unions, although these unions did, of course, join in with all the others. The magnitude of the strike amazed the French Government as it did those who took part in it. Over 2,000,000 State employees stopped work, and places as far apart as Toulouse, Lyons, Rouen and Limoges were affected.

The strike started on Thursday of last week with the Post Office workers, and on the next day these were joined by every other branch of the French civil service, ranging from street cleaners to railway employees. The Force Ouvrière called the strike in protest against measures which it was rumoured that the Government would take, and which would constitute a "grave threat to the rights of the workers, which have been fairly won."

Great discomfort was caused throughout France by the strike. There were no mail deliveries and the French housewife could not cook a hot meal as the gas and electricity supplies were affected. At all the main stations in Paris and other big cities, there were long queues of would-be travellers, many of them tourists from abroad, and on the boulevards the litter was piled high on the pavements.

The strike ended as suddenly as it started, and on the Saturday all the services were working normally except for the Post Office, where the workers, with the exception of a few key-men requisitioned by the Government, continued to strike.

At a full meeting of the Council of Ministers held on the day of the strike, the Government adopted nineteen decrees providing for economic reforms in a wide variety of fields, and it would appear that the twenty-four-hour strike has not been very successful in forcing the Government to modify its plans. The unions are by no means satisfied, and the Government are still in a state of "skating on thin ice."

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

A DISTINGUISHED SET OF TALES

J. B. Priestley's New Collection of Short Stories of Time and People; and a Selection of Other New Summer Publications

MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY writes of time and of people in his new collection of stories, THE OTHER PLACE (William Heinemann. 10s. 6d.), and writes of them with that kind of imaginative power that is personal to him and that is apt to travel far beyond the static conceptions that most of us have of to-day, yesterday and to-morrow. In one story, for instance—and it is one of the briefest—there is an extraordinary synthesis of fear and fantasy and at the same time conviction, in a little schoolmaster's description of meeting a voiceless but agonised being who is trying to get back from the terrifying future to the present. If it were possible, I would say that this story reads almost too well. And there is the humour, and again the time-fantasy, of the nasty old gentleman who haunted his family after death, on the TV set they had bought with his legacy. And the true nostalgia of the title-story, and the not-so-impregnable warning of "The Grey Ones." Altogether, this is not only the distinguished set of tales that one would expect from this writer, but an entirely original book in theme and in treatment.

THE YEAR AT MARGARETS (Harrap. 10s. 6d.) is another of Mr. Anthony Armstrong's charming country-village and country-garden books; rambling, discursive, very often funny and very often informative and practical. The author has arranged his chapters one to a month, and as he is not the kind of fellow to be tied by sterile convention, it appears, has begun his year in April, for "January, February and March to me are rehearsal-time: with April comes the 'first night.'" Since Mr. Armstrong writes more as a gardener than as a householder or parent, this April start is a sound plan, and makes it easier for him to lead the (in my case, grateful) reader through a chronological garden calendar of do's and don't's, although there are only a few of the latter and the former are offered tentatively rather than didactically. I should add that there is some excellent advice of a rather Cassandra-like nature on the keeping of small pets by daughters.

THE TIRPITZ (William Kimber. 15s.) is the story of the campaigns against this 42,000-ton German battleship, whose speed, size and armament had an effect on the whole course of the war, since, to prevent her breaking out into the Atlantic as her sister-ship, the *Bismarck*, had done, the Home Fleet was needed at all times. This meant that in bottling her up a considerable section of the Royal Navy was itself contained in those northern waters. The campaigns against the ship included an attack by torpedo-bombers from an aircraft-carrier, another by the R.A.F. with bombs and depth-charges, all of which failed; a further attack by British frogmen smuggled through the German net defences, and, in 1943, an attack by midget submarines which did some damage. On the very day that this was repaired aircraft from six carriers had a go at her, but the ship was not finally sunk till the R.A.F. had attacked three times with 10,000-lb. bombs. Mr. David Woodward has based his excellent reconstruction of the events and their background not only on the British, Norwegian and German official documents, but on the first-hand stories of the men on both sides who took part.

Mr. Colin Wills has written what might be called an explanatory book about the country of his origin in an effort to show that it is more than a place where the public houses close at six o'clock in the evening, where the men are large and hearty creatures who enjoy fighting but hate saluting, where the country is hot and monotonous and full of kangaroos, and where the cities are imitation American. As such, AUSTRALIAN PASSPORT (Dobson. 10s. 6d.) does quite a good job of showing more intelligent and more beautiful aspects of the scene, and of pointing out that it is a good country for the working man, or the business man—a nice distinction—and for the young.

APPOINTMENT IN CRETE (Wingate. 15s.) is the story of a British agent, with a difference, and that lies in the fact that its author, Mr. A. M. Rendel, found himself leading this life of highly-coloured adventure almost by chance. Classical scholar turned solicitor turned soldier, in 1943 he was in Cairo, dining with another English officer, an old friend, who suggested that he might be suitable for a more irregular kind of job—organising the fifth column against the Germans in Crete. Mr. Rendel accepted and, so far as one can gather from his lively narrative, took to it like a duck to water, relishing everything from his hastily-grown brigand's moustache to gun-running, sabotage, the landing of agents by sea and air and general extra-curricular activities. His modern Greek was little and his training for a life on the run even less, but, with many of his companions, he survived to tell the story of another British victory and of Greek friendship.

Major Arthur Campbell has written from personal experience a magnificent book on the Malayan campaign as it is being fought against Communist terrorists. JUNGLE GREEN (Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.) has earned from General Templer an expression of a soldier's highest praise, and his short endorsement will probably mean more to the author than any critic's recommendation. "This book is authentic," writes Sir Gerald, and more than that one would not wish to add to an account of jungle fighting in all its tense and horrible conditions, as faced month after month by our soldiers, so many of them young National Service men.

UNVEILING A PLAQUE TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN PAUL JONES—THE "FATHER OF THE U.S. NAVY": Vice-Admiral J. Wright, U.S.N., the C.-in-C. of U.S. Naval Forces, Eastern Atlantic, is speaking from the platform outside the cottage in Kirkbean, Scotland, where Paul Jones was born. The plaque was given by the Army-Navy Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Naval Historic Association.

THE PLAQUE ON THE WALL OF THE COTTAGE IN WHICH PAUL JONES WAS BORN: Standing around the plaque are, from left to right—Mr. Winthrop W. Aldrich, the American Ambassador; Sub-Lieut. Richardson, R.N.V.R., and Midshipman (First Class) Raymond G. Wilkerson, U.S. Naval Reserve O.T.C.; Jerauld Wright, C.-in-C., U.S. Naval Forces, Eastern Atlantic and Mediterranean; and the Earl of Home, Minister of State for Scotland. Speaking after the unveiling ceremony, Mr. Aldrich said that the U.S. Navy's debt to Jones was incalculable, and that it was to be remembered that he took with him to America experience gained in the British Navy.

THIS IS REPUTED TO BE THE BUST OF BENEDICT DE SPINOZA: This bust of the seventeenth-century Dutch philosopher, which is seen at the Jewish Museum in New York, has been the result of a lawsuit brought by its owner, Lieut.-Colonel Alex de Luxembourg, against David Ulman, a business man. Lieut.-Colonel de Luxembourg complained to the New York police that he had entrusted the bust to Ulman, who deposited it with the Jewish Museum.

THE CONQUEST OF DEVIL'S ISLAND (Parrish. 10s. 6d.) is the amazing story of the way in which the penal settlement off the coast of French Guiana was finally abolished in 1952 after a century of existence. M. Charles Péan, the author of the book, was a young man in the Salvation Army when, in 1928, his chief sent him to live and work among the convicts and press for the ending of a system which, in humanitarian terms at least, had become retrograde. It was twenty-four years before he and his colleagues, after almost endless difficulties and discouragements, saw the repatriation of the last of the convicts to France, and this is the saga of that time.

Of this week's novels, one of the most singular is MONSOON QUARTER (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.), a story of one of the remote islands off New Guinea, ruled over by a Dane who is not only an excellent organiser, an elegant and erudite man, but also a paranoiac of alarming, if generally controlled tendencies. He is visited, at his own invitation, by the widow of an American scientist and, inheriting her husband's feeling for these tropical sub-civilisations, she prepares to enjoy the forty-days interval between boats. For a first novel, which this is, there is a remarkable *tour de force* in Marion Lowndes' description of the woman's growing panic as she realises the man's mania and her own possible fate, and real beauty in the author's descriptions of the lovely but lethal island life.

NOW OR NEVER (Cresset Press. 10s. 6d.) is Mr. Wayland Hilton-Young's second novel and still bears the enviable imprint of the writer who is gaining experience without losing his initial freshness. It is the love-story of a girl and two men of her own age, all of them clever and articulate to a degree, and each of them convinced at the start that his or her own romantic nature is the best guide. So perceptively does Mr. Hilton-Young write that I believed in all of them and, what is more, liked them.

Mr. John Hereford's lads and lasses are less golden, a good deal more homespun, but equally real, even to the fact that the heroine is a bit of a bore. THE WELL (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) tells the story of a spring in the Welsh hills, to which magic properties are ascribed but which, some think, curses as often as it cures. A girl with an undiagnosed spine ailment is cured, either by the well or by her own faith, and her happiness seems assured till, in the course of years, a sequence of tragic events all but destroy her. Mr. Hereford's style is, in the old phrase, plain but good, and his tale, although dramatic, is soberly and effectively told.

THE GARDEN TO THE SEA (Macgibbon and Kee. 12s. 6d.) is a very different affair. In this novel, Mr. Philip Toynbee has made an experiment, bold rather than brave, of telling the story of a sick and sorry Adam who has been deserted by his Eve (for whom read Daisy, his wife). Mr. Toynbee sees Adam as a figure made up of four characters, and the whole book consists in dialogue between these, more or less dominated by one Charley, who illustrates Adam's more simian side, and does so with a vengeance.

Mr. Guy Ramsey's thriller, STOP PRESS MURDER (Dakers. 10s. 6d.), is unpretentious, well contrived and has an admirably authentic setting of a big newspaper office, though perhaps the general standard of morality among the staff and directors is a little more baroque than lifelike. In any case, I found it very entertaining reading and thought that Mr. Ramsey had created a really likeable character in his clever, human detective.

OTHER NEW BOOKS DEALING MAINLY WITH TRAVEL AND SPORT

Making its appearance in time for the 1953 *Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama is the latest addition to the Blue Guide Series. It is the* **SHORT GUIDE TO EDINBURGH** (Benn. 10s.), *a small, handy volume edited by L. Russell Muirhead. There are six maps and plans. There is also a brief summary of Scottish history and a glossary of Lowland Scots.*

In **WHY DIE OF HEART DISEASE?** (Harrap. 9s. 6d.), *Ted Kavanagh says that his purpose in writing the book is not to frighten anyone or to drive the reader into hypochondria, but to show him how he can defy sudden death or disablement, and how he can prevent degeneration of this essential organ (the heart) by comparatively simple means. The drawings are by Charles Keeping.*

SEARCH FOR THE SPINY BABBLER (Gollancz. 14s.) *is Dillon Ripley's description of Bird Hunting in Nepal. His expedition went into the back country of Nepal, where no white man had gone before, and brought back a bird collection of some* 1,600 *specimens. They also identified many species of birds not previously recorded from Nepal and established important information about birds in the Himalayan region.*

COME FLY-FISHING WITH ME (Muller. 9s. 6d.), *by Colin Willock, is a companion volume to "Come Fishing With Me." It is a complete instruction on the rudiments of fishing with a fly as taught to a young boy. The author says that you are only a complete angler when you have mastered the techniques of both coarse and fly-fishing.*

There are two new cricketing books associated with the Australians, both of which have been written by A. G. Moyes and published by Messrs. Harrap. One is **AUSTRALIAN BOWLERS FROM SPOFFORTH TO LINDWALL**, *and is an analysis of the methods of Australian bowlers from* 1878 *to* 1952. *There are twenty-one portraits, and the book is published at* 12s. 6d. *The other is a record of* **THE SOUTH AFRICANS IN AUSTRALIA**, 1952-53, *and contains a foreword by Jack Cheetham, captain of the South African team. The book is illustrated and costs* 15s.

MADEIRA AND THE CANARIES (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.), *an illustrated Traveller's Notebook by Elizabeth Nicholas, has been written against a personal background. In addition to telling everything that visitors to the islands want to know, the book contains an appendix of factual information.*

Although biography is by no means neglected, **VAUGHAN WILLIAMS** (Dobson. 18s.), *by Percy M. Young, is primarily a study of Williams' music. Dr. Young deals with the background to the music and writes from the experience of having conducted much of it. There is also a characteristic essay by Dr. Williams entitled "English Folk Songs."*

A book for yachting enthusiasts which makes its appearance at the height of the season is **COME AND SAIL** (Museum Press. 18s.), *by John Scott Hughes. It is an addition to The Sporting Scene, a Library of Sports, Games and Pastimes. There is a foreword by the Duke of Beaufort, and the volume is enriched by many delightful pictures of yachts and yachting.*

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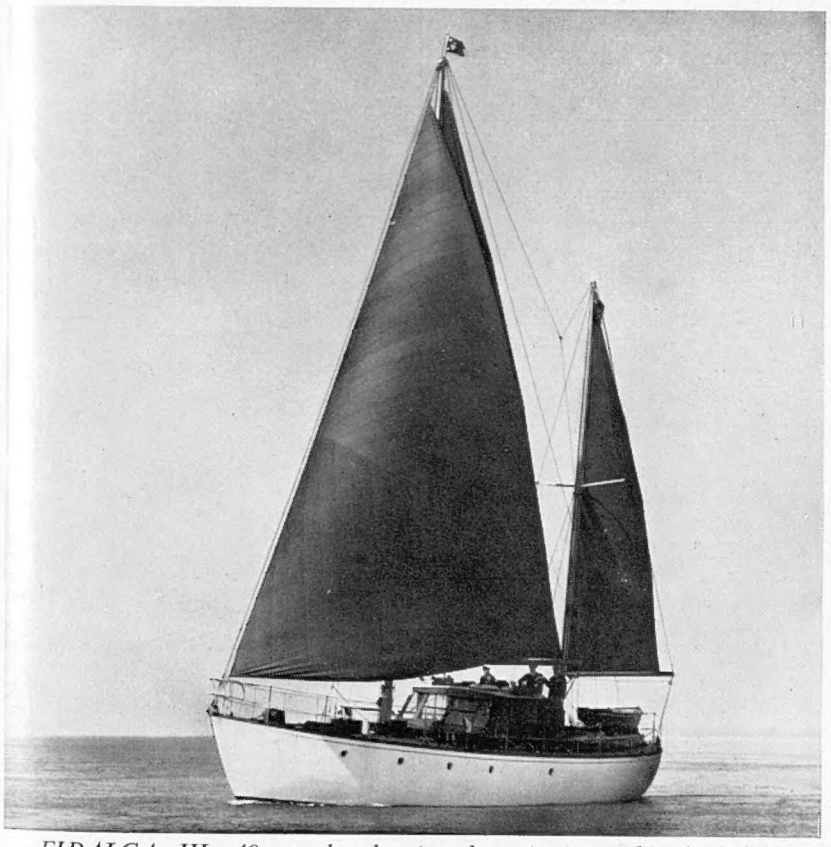

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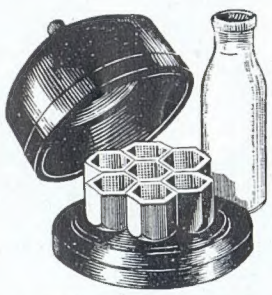

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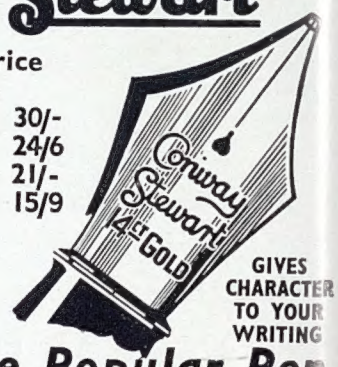

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